

Children's Newspaper

A Weekly Companion to the C.N. Map
New Nature Feature. See pages 4 and 7

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Only Newspaper in the World for Boys and Girls

Number 320

Week Ending
MAY 2, 1925

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

THE LOST AIRSHIP THAT CAME BACK

See
Pages
2 and 3

THE TRAIN THAT WAS LOST AND THE BALLOON THAT RAN AWAY

The Odd Things That
Sometimes Happen

NOBODY A PENNY THE WORSE

It has often been felt that material things seem to have a curious knack of making themselves disagreeable. Of course it only happens so. But it happens often. If you drop something (say, a shirt stud) it runs away and hides in the very place that is most difficult to search; and if you are not good-tempered you lose your patience with it.

In a single day recently it seemed as if two things, not little but very big, were acting in that obstinate way. One of the examples of the oddity that breaks out now and again where it is least expected was the running away of a train till all its passengers were lost while they were being expected home to tea.

The Wrong Turning

Every day for long enough the 4.40 afternoon train had run out, in the staidest and most dutiful way, from Cannon Street Station, London, along the Sevenoaks line to Chislehurst and Orpington—a fifteen-mile journey—to take business men home from the City to their tea. Unsuspectingly they entered the familiar carriages and settled down to the reading of their evening papers.

The early part of the outward journey from Cannon Street does not tempt anyone to look out on the prospect. It consists almost exclusively of chimney-pots, so there is little wonder that nobody in the train seems to have noticed that, while still within the limits of crowded London, it broke away from its usual direction. But when it reached suburban parts that have an individuality of their own, a passenger here and there, glancing out of the windows, began to suspect that he had got into the wrong train.

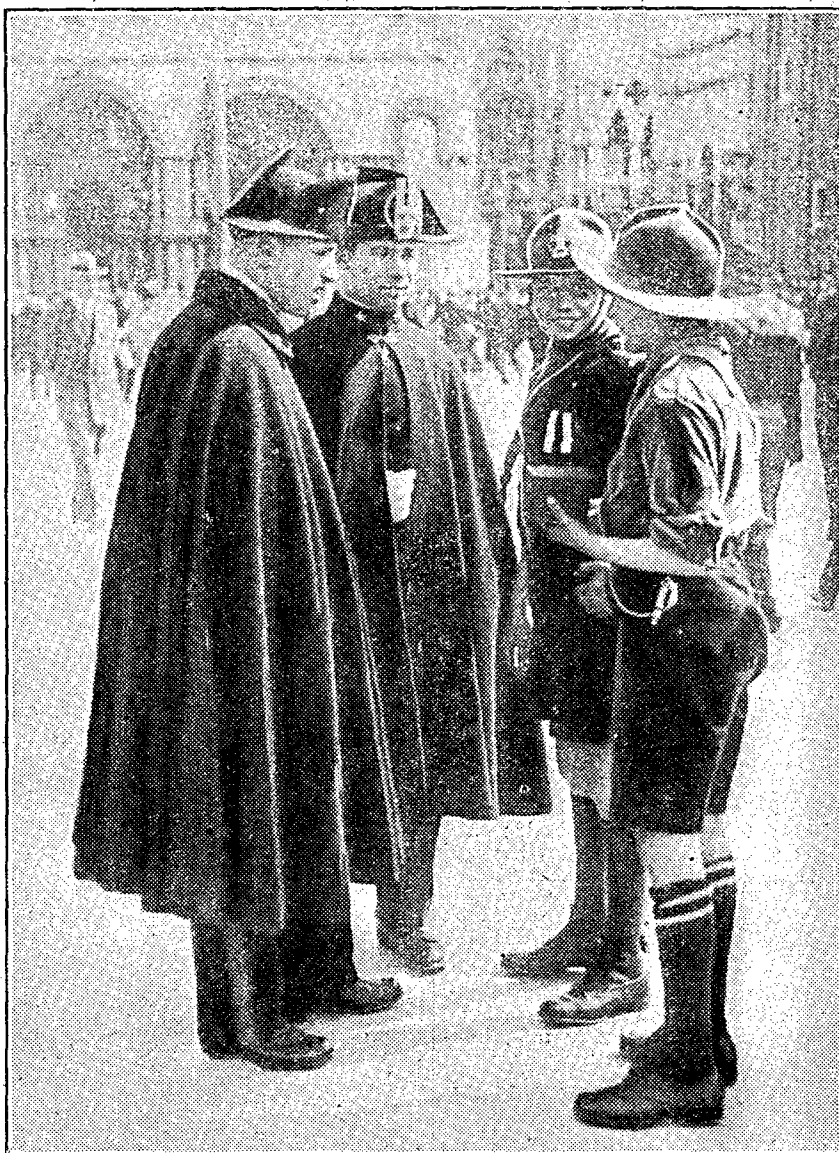
Ride Through Kent and Surrey

The farther the train went along the more people looked out and grew uneasy. Yet everybody was unwilling to own up that he had made a mistake and got into the wrong train. Presently a whole train load of men wondered why they had been so careless as to get into the train for Croydon and Redhill, where this train clearly was going.

It was not till the train stopped at Redhill that scores of tea-less City men sprang out on the platform to explain that they had made a mistake. But they found they had been right, and the mistake had been made by the train, or by someone on its behalf. Yes, it certainly was the Chislehurst train, but Chislehurst was far behind, and on another line.

Worse still, the cry was *Take your seats for Chislehurst!* and when the train had been entered again it started still

Boy Scouts at San Marco



A large party of Boy Scouts from Kent has been visiting Venice. Here we see two of them talking to Italian policemen outside San Marco, the famous cathedral. They are evidently finding it difficult to make themselves understood.

farther afield, full speed to central Kent; and it was not till Tonbridge was reached that it headed back towards Chislehurst, and delivered its passengers after a ride of 65 miles instead of 15.

The explanation was simple enough when it came, and was a good example of sensible management redeeming a little slip.

What had happened was that a signalman had mistaken the train for a Redhill train and had switched it through to that line. He had discovered his mistake too late to stop the train, so had told the next signal-box of the error. By the time the train reached the signal-box it had been decided that bringing the train back would hold up the outrush of afternoon London traffic; so word was passed along to make the train what it had been mistaken for—that is, a Redhill express, and keep it going round with the stream of outgoing traffic, even though it must do a 65-mile lap through Surrey and Kent.

So, after all, the idea of the obstinacy of material things had not been illustrated, but rather the liability to human

mistakes, and the adaptability by which these mistakes may be amended.

The other oddity in things that happened was the tricky doings of the Crystal Palace captive balloon. A gusty spring has been very unfeeling towards balloons, aeroplanes, and airships.

A captive balloon is a playmate for the gale if it should become no longer captive. That is just what happened to the Crystal Palace balloon, though it was partly deflated to lessen its buoyancy. It broke loose, trailed over house-roofs, pulling down chimneys and dislodging slates until, ripping a rent in its envelope, it discharged its gas and then settled down in the early morning, fold on fold, over the house of an Australian ex-Premier, penetrating the rooms with its exuding gases, and cloaking over its windows.

What a happy thing it is that the world is not always carried on by rule, and that we never know exactly what is about to happen! At all events it is good to know that in these two cases nobody was hurt, nobody was a penny the worse.

A BURIED ZOO

WHAT LIES UNDER A NEW PLAYGROUND

Where Sharks and Crabs Mingle
with the Elephant's Bones

WONDERLAND BENEATH THE SOIL

It is good news for outer London that Gunnersbury Park will in all likelihood become a public playground: 200 acres of beauty and freedom would thus be preserved for the enjoyment of the present generation and its posterity in the west of the capital.

The name of the park means the place where once lived Gynylde, niece of our famous Danish King Canute.

A long line of interesting names runs through the history of the district, but the chief interest of Gunnersbury is in its underground. London's children will have for a playground what was once a battleground of lions and tigers, of elephants and hippopotamuses, and other huge and fearsome beasts.

In a single stretch of ground of only 120 square yards diggers found remains of six hippopotamuses, besides the bones of African and Asiatic elephants, of several species of deer, of the extinct great Irish elk, and of extinct wild cattle.

A Primeval Sea

To what a distant age and to what different conditions do these finds point! But the difference between the scene in which these creatures lived and died and that which we see today is not so great as the change which came about in the Gunnersbury neighbourhood before the ground could sustain the titanic weight of elephant and rhinoceros.

Down in the clay, beneath the skeletons of elk and hippo, have been found the remains of sharks, fossil crabs, the nautilus, and other old sea shells, together with pieces of amber, and fossil gum from trees that grew upon the shore of some mysterious primeval sea.

An arm of the sea was here, receiving a Thames which spread its waters from Richmond in the south to Harrow in the north, and was itself a tributary of the Rhine.

So the children will romp and gamble on buried life and history, strange and perplexing as any legend of fiction. To find a parallel we must go with fishermen out to the Dogger Bank, and, in letting down a net for plaice, bring up the bones of lion and tiger, wolf and hyena, with our catch.

ALL ABOARD

To indicate the size of an immense new locomotive an American railway company loaded 200 men on it and moved them a distance of several yards.

Needless to say, the men were clinging to every projection possible, and there was very little room to spare.

A DAY OR TWO IN BULGARIA

LITTLE COUNTRY HOPING FOR A GREAT FUTURE

**The Life of a Poor People
with a Long History**

SHOULDERING THEIR BURDENS

The attempt on the life of King Boris of Bulgaria, followed by the tragic crime of a bomb explosion in Sofia Cathedral at the moment when the members of the Government and heads of the army were attending the funeral of a murdered general, has called the attention of Europe afresh to that distracted country. Six generals and 150 other people were killed, and many more hundreds injured, including several members of the Government. But the revolutionary movement begun in this terrible way failed.

Our travelling correspondent, who has just passed through Bulgaria, gives an account of the country which suggests that the violence that has disgraced its recent politics does not represent the general attitude of its people.

The journey through the mountain country between Belgrade and Sofia made me think that I had strayed by mistake into a picture-book.

The country taken from Hungary and given to Yugo-Slavia is part of the great Danubian plain, and is an enormously fertile country thickly dotted with prosperous-looking little farms and neat houses shining with new whitewash. But the journey from Belgrade to Sofia is through Old Serbia. Bare mountains hem in the railway, and a little stream runs through the valley. Wherever possible a field has been levelled, cleared of stones, and ploughed on the hillside, and every inch of the valley is used.

A Great Modern Town

Everywhere oxen are yoked to the plough, and goats and sheep are apparently finding something to eat on the stony hillside. The houses are mostly poor, but with a verandah supported by pillars, on which a man may find shelter from the sun on a summer evening, and a woman spin on a hot summer day.

The men appear in all sorts of costumes, the sheepskin, sometimes a Turkish fez, and then here and there ordinary West European clothes.

Suddenly, out of this simple, primitive country, you come to Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria. It is a great modern town with a splendid new cathedral with golden domes, nearly as big as the great cathedral of the Saint-Sauveur in Moscow.

Sofia is a fine city whose citizens, however humble, remember that they have been a nation for centuries and have made history.

On Friday the peasants from all the villages round pour into Sofia, coming in beautifully painted carts with elaborate patterns. The men wear sheepskins, the pockets and the seams outlined smartly with strips of coloured leather, or big homespun cloaks of brown and white stripes with hoods which make them look like friars.

Gay-Coloured Costumes

The women wear white petticoats trimmed with fine hand-made lace showing below their skirts; full skirts embroidered round the hem, some with gold and silver tinsel; stockings knitted with a gay-coloured pattern, and aprons beautifully embroidered with red.

The Bulgarians as a whole are an honest people, brave and strong, though poorer than before the war, and there is less to eat. The peasants in the poorer districts live chiefly on bread and paprika (red pepper) or bread and onions, and yet they work very hard.

All the boys and girls in Sofia go to the same schools: rich and poor, sons of the Prime Minister and of the washer-woman, all sit side by side on the same bench; and they all wear a uniform.

In the huge cathedral of Alexander Nevski is a magnificent choir, all of men. The whole of the interior—roofs,

LATEST WIRELESS WONDER

Music Makes a Return Journey

The latest wireless wonder is that not only can our music be heard across the Atlantic but it can be reflected back across the ocean, and heard again, practically simultaneously, at the place whence it started. This is how it has been done in four stages.

One of the Savoy bands, playing dance music, was relayed from the B.B.C. Chelmsford station, and was heard so well in the American radio station at Pittsburg that Pittsburg broadcast it again over the United States.

A young Norfolk listener, who had tuned in to hear Pittsburg, recognised its repetition of the Savoy music, and, having amplified it on his loud speaker, called up the B.B.C. headquarters where the music had originated, and told them that their music was coming back again to him. The musical director at the Savoy Hotel was then linked on and heard, at the other end of the telephone, the loud speaker's reproduction of the tune of his band which had passed wirelessly to America and back again, 6000 miles, the telephone wire completing that enormous circuit.

A GREAT PAINTER

Man Who Made His Pictures Live

By the death of Mr. John Sargent the world loses one of its greatest portrait painters. Many art critics think he excelled all the painters of his generation in the expression of character. A man of whom that can be said truly is bound to live long in the history of art.

Mr. Sargent was American born, but he chose to live in England; and here he died, quite suddenly and unexpectedly for he seemed a robust man. His painting will have high value in times to come, because he ranked with the masters of painting in his use of the materials of his art, and in the power of making a living likeness of his subject. Artists will study his methods; historians will see in his studies the real people he transferred to his canvas.

His style has been compared with that of Velasquez, the Spanish painter who has preserved for posterity the living expression of many men of his nation. As we talk of Velasquez now, and admire his Spanish Admiral in our National Gallery, men will probably talk, hundreds of years hence, of Sargent, when they study from our generation the preservative power of true art.

A RESERVOIR BURSTS

The bursting of a small reservoir at Skelmorlie, on the Clyde, swept away two boys and two girls while they were playing in a garage built in a narrow gully. A brave woman who ran to the rescue was also drowned. The two boys belonged to the house, and the girls were visitors on holiday.

Continued from the previous column

domes, walls, and pillars—is painted with scenes from the life of Jesus and with pictures of the saints. The screen which in an Orthodox church divides the sanctuary from the body of the building is of white marble, with pictures again from the Gospels.

The people of Sofia love music and art. People whose salaries provide no means with which to buy meat, but who have to live chiefly on bread and beans, yet find a few pence for the concert and the theatre.

The people as a whole are poor. They have lost their best wheat land to Rumania, their way to the Aegean Sea and part of the ancient homeland of their people with some of their richest land to Greece, and something to Yugo-Slavia, and they have to pay and do pay reparations. But they shoulder their burdens, hold up their heads and remember their long and great history, and are confident that their little country has still a great future before it.

R 33'S GREAT ADVENTURE

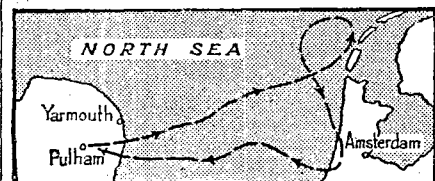
THIRTY-HOUR BATTLE WITH THE GALE

**British Skill and Pluck Triumph
Over the Storm**

THE WANDERER RETURNS

Aircraftmen are taking rank in skill and bravery with the heroes of the sea. They are showing the same quick resourcefulness, steadiness, and endurance as is traditional with sailors. That was finely proved during the adventures of the big airship R 33.

The airship was anchored by the nose to a tall mast, ready to start on an air cruise, and weighted by heavy weights and water ballast. The attachment to a mast is convenient for starting, but it is not intended to serve as an anchor when a fierce gale is blowing. The ship should then be inside her shed. Suddenly a gale of unexpected violence sprung up and the strain became greater



R 33's route across the North Sea and back

than the mast is expected to bear. The ship broke away, and in doing so badly damaged her bow, ripped open one of her gas-bags, and threatened to destroy another.

Her captain was not on her, nor were all her crew, when she drifted from her mooring, dragging her weights with her. Her first lieutenant and the part of the crew aboard had to deal instantly with this dangerous position, a threat of immediate wreckage by being drifted along close to the earth. Only swift doing of the right thing could save her.

What was needed was instantly done by the lieutenant in charge. The water ballast was discharged, and the ship rose so as to clear buildings and trees, and get away from immediate danger. But the gale was now master of her. With her nose smashed in, and an unknown amount of damage done to her foreparts, she could only drift before the storm, and not make way against it, partly eluding it by study of its directions, and by seeking elevations that were least windy.

Homeward Bound

And so, chiefly over the North Sea, but sometimes over Holland, she weathered storms, and as they subsided made her way slowly back in a crippled condition to her starting point, where she was safely housed in her shed for repairs, 30 hours after breaking away.

Sudden danger was swiftly averted, and then a long and trying conflict with the gale was fought out to a completely successful conclusion, by men who were skilful, steady, brave, and enduring in a high degree, and proved conclusively that, though the winds can master big airships for a while, they cannot hold the mastery; for human skill confidently applied can, in the air, presently prevail against the blind forces of Nature. Pictures on page 3

Pronunciations in This Paper

Acropolis	Ah-krop-o-lis
Cassiopeia	Kas-se-o-pe-yah
Genoa	Jen-o-ah
Piraeus	Pi-re-us
Sofia	So-fe-yah

SOUTH AFRICA AND HER TARIFFS

A New Point of View

LESS PREFERENCE FOR BRITISH GOODS

It has long been held by Dominion politicians that Britain ought to give a greater advantage to Empire-made goods at her ports by taxing the competing products of other countries.

At present Britain lets most goods in free, but on a great many goods that she does tax the tax is lower for Empire than for foreign goods.

The Dominion Governments, on the other hand, all have general tariffs in existence, and so are able to give us a preference simply by lowering the tariff for our goods. The Government of South Africa, however, has just brought in a Budget in which the preference given us is reduced from a total of £860,000 a year to one of £300,000, while that to other Dominions comes down from £90,000 to £50,000.

The change is chiefly made on goods in which foreigners hardly compete with us, but it is explained that South Africa wants to be free to bargain with her customers, reducing the tax on their goods in proportion as they reduce their taxes on goods from South Africa.

THE PRINCE DRIVES AN ENGINE

And Takes Tenpence Wages

The Prince of Wales believes in having a try at work that he sees men doing to earn a living. He has taken his turn before now in the stokehole of an Atlantic liner and has tried a fireman's job of shovelling coal.

On his way from the Nigerian coast to the town of Kano, where he reviewed an assemblage of Nigerian Chiefs and their retinues, he drove the engine of the train by which he travelled for 23 miles.

On reaching the end of the stage he had driven, he signed the wage-sheet for the distance, and received, in the Nigerian coinage, the pay that was due for the engine-driving. The sum was equivalent to tenpence.

Probably he will keep that tenpence as a souvenir; but of much greater value is the knowledge he gained of the amount of work and responsibility that earns tenpence. The Prince evidently flavours his fine sense of duty with a cheerful spirit of sport.

THINGS SAID

We are black; we cannot speak or write English; but we are English.

Gambia Chiefs to the Prince of Wales

It is no good running away from hard facts, and talking claptrap and humbug to deceive people. Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P.

The self-respecting workman knows well whether his daily toil is worth while or whether it is not, and much of his discontent is due to his knowledge that thousands of workmen are condemned to spend their lives on futile production. Dean Inge

The time has come to raise the school age to sixteen. Mr. Lansbury, M.P.

The greatest tragedy is that the boys and girls just out of school are being given the unemployed mind. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

No teaching in schools can replace home influence. Lord Eustace Percy, M.P.

Where does Abdul Krim get his arms from? Where does Abdul Krim get his arms from? Munition factories do not grow in the Morocco mountains. Mr. H. Wilson Harris

I like the idea of the old English fireplace. I think it must mean a lot to the family life of a nation. Mr. Tom Mix

MYSTERY OF STONEHENGE

Its Age and Purpose SOME OF ITS STONES BROUGHT FROM WALES

By the C.N. Archaeologist

For some time past Colonel Hawley has been investigating Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, on behalf of the Society of Antiquaries of London.

This well-known and ancient British enclosure is now public property, and the Office of Works has recently raised many of the fallen stones and made others secure in an altogether praiseworthy and careful manner.

The popular view of Stonehenge is that it was a temple built by the Druids, but this opinion, with others like it, has been proved to be false.

Three Sacred Enclosures

It is now clear that the remains are those of the latest of three enclosures that once existed on the site. So far as we know the oldest took the form of a circular ditch or fosse, surmounted possibly by a stockade, surrounding an encampment or a sacred place of some sort. At a later period this was abandoned, and a large circle of great standing stones erected. This great circle no doubt formed part of a religious temple.

Later still these stones were removed to form part of the present Stonehenge, and it is of much interest to note that, when this happened, each hole from which a stone had been taken had placed in it some burned human bones.

Human Sacrifice

This shows how sacred the place must have been to the people who built the existing structure, as they obviously imagined that the wrath of their deity at the removal of the stones needed for its appeasement nothing less than human sacrifice.

Similar stones to some of those used are found in a natural state near the monument, but others have been traced to the Preseley Mountains in Wales. The methods by which they were brought such a long distance are veiled in mystery.

It is possible that the latest temple at Stonehenge was erected during the Age of Bronze, when this metal was coming into general use, but the older structures were of much more remote date.

Compared with Stonehenge our most ancient cathedrals are but as of yesterday, and it is comforting to know that this great ruin will be cared for and studied by those who appreciate and understand its unique importance.

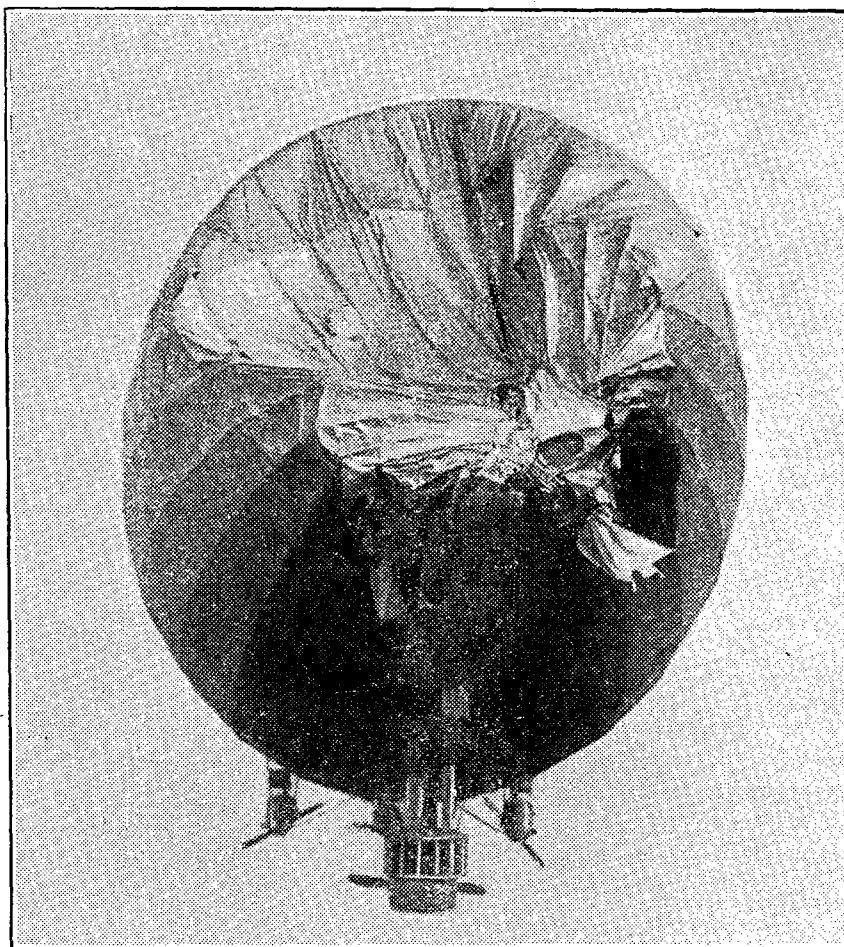
THE TOWN FOUR YEARS OLD

And Why it Must Move On

Fifteen hundred people, with all their possessions, their homes, their public buildings, and everything movable connected with their existence, have received 60 days' notice from the Federal Judge of Cheyenne, the capital of Wyoming, to clear out of their town of Lavoye, so that the ground on which the town is situated may be left free for the development of its oil wells by the Ohio Oil Company, to whom the Government has leased the land.

The citizens of Lavoye are not pleased with the order, for nobody likes to have to leave his home. But the hardship is not as severe as it might be thought, for Lavoye, as a town, dates only from 1920. It was established even then in a very hurried and makeshift sort of way, as the sole reason for its existence was the discovery of the oil wells referred to. As soon as the first prospectors discovered the oil hundreds of pioneers hurried to the spot, staked out temporary claims, and threw up a mushroom town of flimsy buildings, which can be refounded elsewhere without anybody being much the worse for the change.

THE LOST AIRSHIP COMES HOME



The nose of the R 33 torn by the storm



Flight-Lieutenant R. S. Booth, who was in charge of the R 33, and Flight-Sergeant Hunt



The airship landing after her exciting voyage across the North Sea

The triumphant return to England of the R 33, after it had been torn away from its mooring mast at Pulham and blown across the North Sea, has proved that these huge craft, handled with skill, can weather the severest gale. These pictures show how the nose of the airship was damaged when it was wrenched away from the mast. See page 2

THE LEAD BLOCK IN THE SAFE

AND THE PRECIOUS MITE INSIDE IT

Catching the Rays Given Off by a Speck of Radium

BOTTLES OF HEALING

In a hollow block of lead weighing a ton, and closed like a heavy gun with a swinging breech block, the Middlesex Hospital keeps its precious stock of radium, which is itself not unlike a quick-firing gun, for it is throwing out atoms at the rate of millions a second, at speeds of a million miles an hour.

No wonder it is kept in a lead safe, not because anyone would try to steal it, but because those flying particles are very dangerous unless carefully directed. Even Professor Curie, who first discovered them, was severely burned by carrying a speck of radium in his waistcoat pocket. A thick belt of lead is necessary to restrain them.

Shock of the Atoms

Anything so uncanny is hard to steal and hard to lose, but fragments of radium have been lost. A tube containing £400 worth was lost at Swansea hospital the other day, and though all the dust swept up was carefully examined, the radium fragment could not be found. It may still be there, for radium lost and scattered in a laboratory has been traced by electrical instruments which are affected by the shock of the atoms which the radium continues to throw out. For a day or so after the Swansea loss electrical instruments showed the play of radium atoms, but these must have arisen out of some radium gas left behind by the tube. Neither the tube nor the fragments were found.

Middlesex Hospital is now able to bottle the gas given off by radium, and it is a very valuable vintage, less powerful than radium, but more manageable. Moreover, it costs but little. The gramme of radium in the safe will go on producing it for a thousand years before showing signs of missing it.

The Tree of Health

Moreover, while radium is so rare the hospital has to deny it to borrowers, but it can and does cheerfully part with bottles of radium gas. It is not quite correct to call it costless, because it has to be purified as it comes off the Middlesex Hospital radium, which altogether weighs about one-eighth of an ounce. That seems very little, but if a pound of radium were gathered together in one place it would probably kill everyone who came within range of it.

That is why the bottles of radium gas are better and safer to handle. They are very tiny tubes, as thin as hairs, each tube with enough radium gas medicine for one dose. The radium doctors call them seeds, so that one imagines the wonderful healing tree of radium shut up safe in its lead conservatory, but continuously, for thousands of years, shedding its seeds of prevention and cure, the fruit of which is health and happiness.

SAFETY LIGHTS

An Idea for Dogs by Night

A Continental dog lover has invented an electric sign for dogs which may save the lives of many of them. It has been officially adopted and is now being used in several towns in Central Europe.

A belt is fastened round the dog, which carries a small electric battery underneath his body, and a tiny red electric lamp just above his back. At night time the motorist will see these little red lights moving like ghosts along the roads.

DEATH OF A TIGER CURIOUS LOSS AT THE LONDON ZOO

The Decay of the Tooth and
What It Means

SIR DAVID BREWSTER
AND HIS CAT

The Zoo has just lost a splendid tiger from an extraordinary cause. It could take a man's head into its mouth, yet it choked itself with a small piece of bone.

Examination of the dead tiger's mouth showed that the poor animal had suffered from a disease of the teeth such as we had supposed to be peculiar to mankind. The result was that it could not masticate properly, and so, in fear of pain, we must suppose, threw the obstructive fragment into its throat rather than risk biting it.

Wild Life and the Dentist

Toothache is unfortunately not uncommon with menagerie animals. One has seen a hippopotamus rub its jaws in agony up and down the bars of its den; tusks are occasionally found which reveal decay showing that their elephant owner in life suffered from toothache; and lions' teeth, like their claws, sometimes go wrong in captivity. So they do in a state of nature, too, for it is failure of teeth, as a rule, which makes an otherwise innocent lion a man-eater.

It is practically impossible to apply the dentist's art to these animals when many of their teeth become affected. Even if we could extract the teeth, how would the animal feed without them?

The Scientist's Toothache

But animals are not the only ticklish creatures when their teeth ache. Sir David Brewster, who gave us the kaleidoscope and an immense body of valuable scientific teaching, was a man who never could bear this malady with tolerance. He found comfort in Shakespeare's words:

There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.

The grand old man of science suffered acutely at times, but would never have a tooth drawn.

He was telling another famous man one day of his sufferings from a particularly angry tooth.

"And what did you do, Sir David?" asked his friend.

"Do?" retorted the great man. "I just sat down and roared!"

Poor Sir David never could have doctored any of his pets; he was too tender-hearted to use that little momentary firmness which is necessary, like the dentist's work, in order to be kind. Besides, he was terrified of cats, to say nothing of tigers.

He was one of the men who have a natural antipathy for these fine little creatures. He could detect their presence without seeing them. He felt a series of electric shocks run through him whenever one was present.

A Famous Friendship

And yet, in spite of all, there grew up between this supposed cat-hater and an actual cat one of the most famous friendships the history of genius affords.

One day a cat ran in and took possession of Brewster. The veteran nearly swooned with horror, yet he felt a great rush of affection for the handsome little beast. And so, though he suffered agonies of electric shocks day after day from its presence, he and the cat became inseparable friends. Then, as suddenly as she had come, puss vanished. Sir David was inconsolable, though perhaps his health benefited by her absence. For two years she was never seen or heard of. Suddenly one day, as unexpectedly as before, he felt the old shock, and there she was, back in the study, bouncing up on to his knee.

She was in perfect condition, fat, sleek, lovely, and no one ever knew where she had been. She stayed till she died.

A NEW LANGUAGE QUITE OLD German Spoken in the French Parliament

Deputy Hueber, a Communist member of the French Parliament, comes from Alsace, and made his first speech in the Chamber the other day. But as he had not been a French subject long enough to learn the French language, he obtained leave from the President of the Chamber to speak "in the Alsatian dialect."

The other members crowded in to hear him, and listened in bewilderment. Most of them could not understand what he was saying, but an interpreter translated it for them. That, however, was not the reason they would have all loved to interrupt M. Hueber, but dare not do so, for their own sakes. The reason was; that the "Alsatian dialect" in which the Deputy was speaking was nothing more or less than German!

The New Weekly Map of Britain

WE give on another page a small reproduction of a new weekly Nature Map of Britain, which we propose to issue from now onward in the Children's Pictorial.

The C.N. Picture Map of the World was something new in journalism when it made its first appearance; this companion map will be something new in Nature literature; nothing like it has been issued before.

It will give each week a pictorial calendar of interesting happenings in our own countryside, will show many natural features of permanent interest, and will be accompanied by charts showing the heavens week by week. We shall see the evening sky with its constellations, looking both north and south, so that any constellation can be picked out at a glance. We shall see the Moon's appearances week by week, and another chart will show our changing relation to the Sun.

It is hoped that the Nature Map of Britain will be of great value to teachers as well as to all who love Nature; as a complete epitome of Nature in Britain week by week it will make up a unique record in the course of twelve months. Those who follow the C.N. World Map as well as the C.P. Britain Map will have, week by week, a survey unique in journalism of what is going on in the heavens, on the Earth, and in our own country.

AUSTRIA'S HIGH PLACES New Mountain Railways and Roads

Austria is seeking to make her mountain beauty spots more accessible to holiday makers, native and foreign.

A new road is to be made across the Austrian Alps over the mighty Grossglockner. The road will reach a height of 7500 feet, and will be the highest in Europe, except the Stelvio Pass in Italy, which climbs some 9000 feet up. The Grossglockner reaches 12,000 feet.

Then there is to be a suspension railway up the Rax, a famous mountain near Vienna, more than 6000 feet high. From Vienna to the plateau will take only two hours, the actual ascent being made in a quarter of an hour.

WORLD'S SPORTS MASTER

HOW OUR PUPILS HAVE
BECOME OUR RIVALS

The Only Game We Cannot
Teach the French

A FAMOUS MAN'S SURPRISE

The international Rugby football season ended this year with a consoling triumph for England. Beaten by Scotland, she defeated not only Wales and Ireland, but, to crown all, on the final day she vanquished France before thirty thousand Frenchmen.

The French made a splendid fight and the victory could not have been narrower, but the bare margin was enough. The mere fact that we have ceased to take it as a matter of course that we can beat our French friends at athletics is a sign of the times which youthful readers may not be able fully to appreciate.

France and Cricket

Britons are the great tutors of civilisation in outdoor sports. We taught France to play tennis and football, as we taught our own sons and nephews in Australia. We taught America also; we have taken tennis and cricket practically all over the world. And our pupils, as always happens, rise and beat us at the sports we showed them how to master.

In a series of games France would be practically as good as ourselves at Rugby; she is much better now at tennis than we are. One thing we have not been able to teach her, and that is the best game of all, the noble game of cricket. She does not yet grasp our meaning when we use our proudest athletic simile, "It is not cricket." But she will.

We have wrought a revolution in her habits, made her love the manly toil of outdoor pursuits as we ourselves do. We realise what a change of habit this implies when we read a letter written in London nearly two centuries ago by the great Frenchman Voltaire, who passed a period of happy exile here after his release from the Bastille.

The Walking English

To one of his fellow countrymen who was a great lover of England Voltaire wrote: "You, who are a perfect Briton, should cross the Channel and come to us;" then he goes on: "I assure you that a man of your temperament would not dislike a country where one obeys the laws alone and one's whims. Reason is free and walks her own way. No manner of living appears strange. We have men who walk six miles a day for their health and wear a coat in winter thinner than your ladies do on the hottest day."

Evidently he was astonished that men should do such things. If Voltaire could have dreamed that Frenchmen, in the chilly days of ungenerous spring, would put on running shorts, vest, and pumps, and vie with our men in great cross-country runs, that they would train for weeks to meet us at football and send their picked riders to compete in London with ours in cycle races, with what wonder he would have lifted up his hands!

A FACTORY FOR COOKING 15,000 Dinners a Day

In order to free working mothers from what it calls "the slavery of the kitchen," a small provincial town in Soviet Russia has opened a municipal cooking-factory where 15,000 dinners are prepared every afternoon, and served to the people at the price of 20 kopecks, which is about fivepence. There are two courses, and the food is rather better than can be had in most Russian cities.

VOICES IN THE NIGHT

ODD THRILLS FOR
LISTENERS-IN

Why the Engineer of 2 L O
Was Out of Breath

MONSTERS IN THE AMPLIFYING
ROOM

While the B.B.C. is carrying out experiments with a view to perfecting the new transmitting aerial in London, listeners whose duties keep them late from bed have occasional experiences of a novel description.

The work of the engineers cannot be done during normal transmitting hours; broadcast programmes prevent that. So, remembering the advice of the poet,

The best of all ways

To lengthen our days

Is to steal a few hours from the night,

they carry on ungrudgingly far into the hours when the majority of their listeners have gone to sleep. It is then that the few people who toil when the rest of the household is in bed extract a little unrehearsed entertainment.

When the Telephone Failed

The other night Captain Eckersley was exchanging notes with distant stations, telling them what he was attempting and how, and inviting reports and criticisms from expert hearers.

Then there was an unexpected thrill. The voice of a young engineer was heard, between two and three in the morning. Its pleasant-mannered owner was gasping—completely out of breath! Why? Well, he told us.

"2 L O testing," he said. "First a little music and then I'll tell you something, if I have recovered my breath."

So a crash of music from a gramophone, and then our young friend again.

"It is most uncanny here," he resumed. "A one-man show; myself alone in the whole building—well, that is to say, nearly alone—quite, so far as human society is concerned—alone with my own voice before two microphones. But things are happening up here."

Chase with a Broomstick

And so he went on chatting, half to himself, half to anyone who might perchance be listening.

"The fact is," he continued, "things are rather flying about. There is the airship flying overhead, a glorious sight, and rats are flying about all over the building. There are two monsters galloping in the amplifier room. I have been chasing them with a broomstick, and that is the reason for my being so out of breath. But they're still running. 2 L O testing."

He was still testing, still confiding, when the listener who writes this note left the outer world to silence and to him.

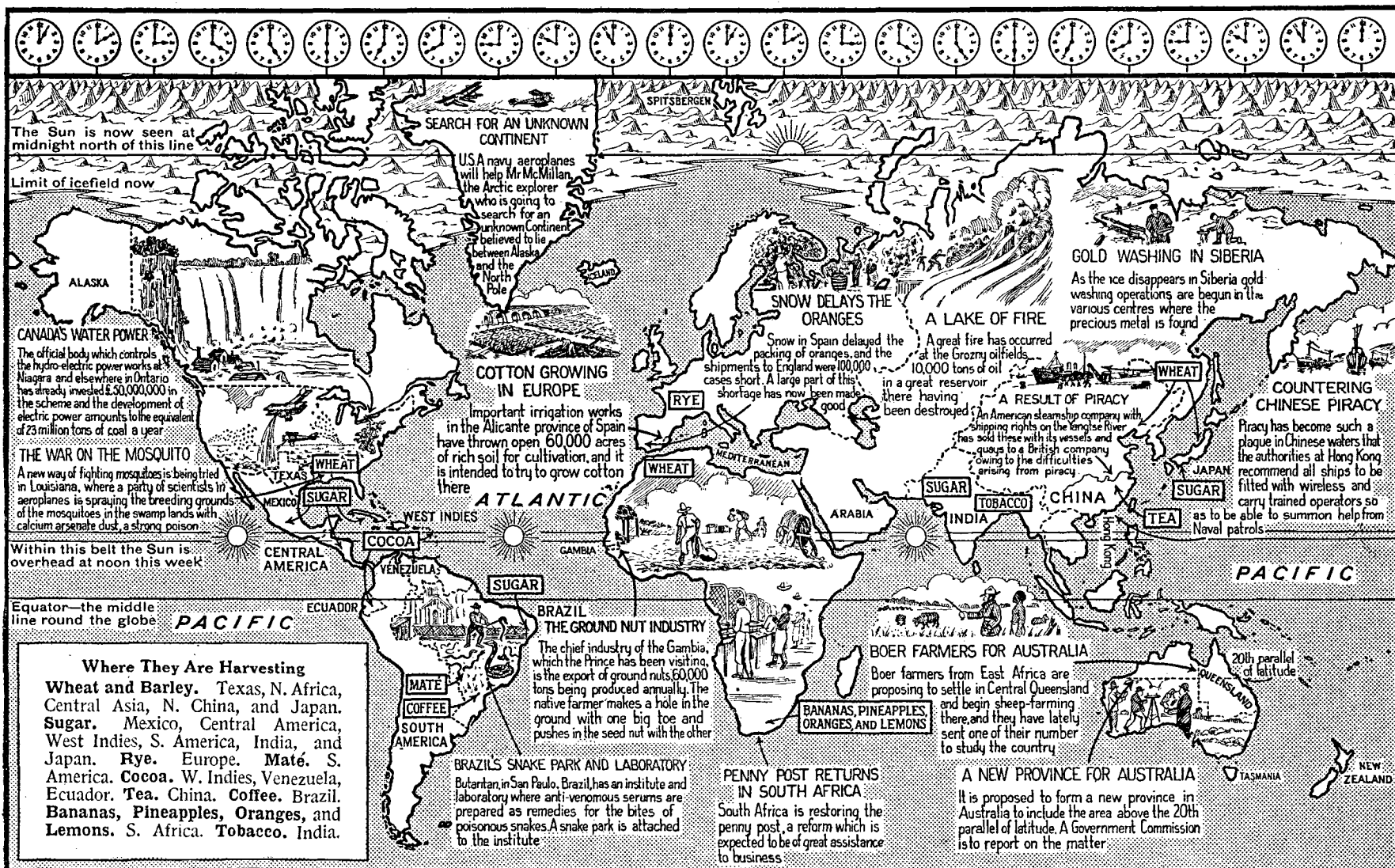
KEEPING BACK THE SUNLIGHT

A New Kind of Glass

Few people know that ordinary window glass keeps out the best part of sunlight, the ultra-violet rays which are so valuable in the treatment of certain diseases. A Birmingham scientist, Mr. F. E. Lamplough, has now invented a kind of glass which will permit the passage of the valuable rays. He calls it vitaglass, and by its use people may sit in their homes, or in sanatoria, and enjoy all the benefits of a sun-bath.

The new glass is being made at the famous lighthouse works of Messrs. Chance at Smethwick, and Mr. Lamplough is going to make an interesting experiment in a school in that town. A class-room will be fitted with windows of the new glass, so that the children will have all the benefit of the sunlight passing through, and their health will be compared with that of the children of class-rooms lighted by ordinary glass.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE HAPPY-LOOKING TOWN

A Thousand Years of Quiet Life AND ONE TERRIBLE DAY

From the middle to about the end of May the happy-looking town of Guildford, to use William Cobbett's description of the capital of Surrey, is to have a play and pageant of its own.

The play, which has been written by Mr. Graham Robertson, will be called *The Town of the Ford*, and music for it has been composed by another of its citizens, Mr. Thomas Dunhill.

As every man and woman in the county loves this charming red-brick town of quaint and pleasant associations, perched on its gentle hillside among the lovely scenery of the North Downs, with its old gabled houses and buildings rich in quiet history, there will be a keen and interested crowd of spectators to watch the unfolding of the past on the happy stage of Spring-time.

Guildford was bequeathed a thousand years ago to Ethelwald by his uncle, Alfred the Great. Save for one terrible day in 1036, when King Harold's men massacred the Normans, and thus led to the coming of the Conqueror, the town has had an uneventful history of gradual and peaceful progress. Throughout the centuries scholars and wise merchants were bred within its sheltering walls, and Guildford men, in their quiet way, have upheld the good fame of England in many countries far away.

AN AIRMAN'S EXPERIENCE

A French high-speed pilot while flying at 200 miles an hour was knocked unconscious for 20 seconds the other day when he put his head outside the protection given by the windshield. He received a sensation like a terrific blow.

ATHENS HAS A BOOM

Building Fast and Furiously

It is interesting to watch the change that comes over cities in these days. This is how The Times correspondent describes Athens.

By common consent there have been more changes in Athens in the last two years than there had been in the previous three decades.

Where in King Constantine's days one might see motor-cars in twos and threes, whole squadrons now rush hooting through the town and no other Balkan capital can show a tide of traffic comparable with that which flows incessantly down the chief streets of Athens, almost reminding one of London.

Stranger still, this traffic is controlled by and obeys a most efficient British-trained police force. Building continues fast and furiously in every quarter of the city, but even so, Athens and the Piræus were never more crowded.

A few years ago the population of Athens was 250,000. It is now 600,000, and there must be over a million inhabitants in the ten-mile circle centring on the Acropolis.

There never seems to be a dull day at the Bourse, where brokers from Smyrna and Constantinople, their wits sharpened to razor keenness by competition with Armenian and Jew, threaten to displace the Athenians. Shipping firms still lament the good old days before the war, but nearly a million passengers have been landed at the Piræus during the last year, and only Marseilles and Genoa, of Mediterranean ports, show a greater activity.

Local industries have been stimulated, new industries introduced by the refugees. Hotels and restaurants are always full; people look better dressed than ever before, and everywhere one hears of new schemes of building, lighting, and utilising hydro-electric power. In fact, Athens is enjoying a boom.

THE TELEPHONE BOX

Beautiful as Well as Useful

Are we really beginning to appreciate the importance of beauty in the designing of the useful things of everyday life? It looks like it, for the London borough councils, of all people, have been striking against ugly telephone boxes.

The Post Office is going to put up a number of telephone call boxes in the streets of London, as the C.N. has often suggested. Some square structures made of concrete were offered to the local authorities, but the authorities unexpectedly asked why they should not be made beautiful instead of ugly.

In former times the reply would have been: "Because they are cheaper so," but today the question is found unanswerable, and the Post Office sets to work to get beautiful kiosks instead of ugly ones. Once started, it does the thing thoroughly. It asked the Royal Fine Arts Commission to hold a competition and judge the models sent in, not only on their suitability but on their beauty.

The competition was won by no less a man than Sir Gilbert Scott, the architect who designed Liverpool Cathedral. The kiosks are to be made in sections of cast iron instead of concrete. They are to be a yard square and eight feet high. The door frames are to be made of teak, and the windows are to have eighteen small panes each.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

Kilmarnock Burns, uncut . . .	£1750
Book on navigation by J. Smith . . .	£1550
1st edition of Gray's Elegy . . .	£610
Drawing by William Blake . . .	£600
MS. of a sonnet by Keats . . .	£600
Alice in Wonderland, 1865 . . .	£380
A Louis XVI clock . . .	£210
A James II silver tankard . . .	£201
A George I silver teapot . . .	£150
A Charles I coin . . .	£147
A Henry VIII gold sovereign . . .	£24
A Lahore edition of Kipling's School Boy Lyrics, 1881, was sold in New York for £200.	

TAKING THE SALUTE

How a High Commissioner Did It

AN EMBARRASSING POSITION

There are various ways of taking the salute. Sir Percy Cox, who was High Commissioner in Mesopotamia before the war, told of one the other day.

It was Sir Percy's duty to make periodical visits to outlying towns in his province. Some of his travels took him through the Persian Gulf, calling at certain ports in Oman, the south-eastern part of Arabia.

There are days when landing on this side of the Gulf is a difficult feat to perform. A wind off the sea brings a great wash of surf through which the ship's boat cannot ride.

Sir Percy was not the kind of man to be deterred from duty or have his arrangements upset because the wind had made a usual landing impossible. There were times when, the boat being unable to shoot the surf, the High Commissioner merely undressed and swam ashore with his garments held in one hand above his head.

It is not easy to look dignified then under the eyes of the imperturbable and languid East. More than once it fell to the lot of Sir Percy to take the salute of Arab guns from the port as he was struggling up the beach in the surf.

The Arabs had probably thought it all out. It was their duty to salute the British High Commissioner, as he set foot on the beach of their port, and the man, not his uniform, was the object of their courtesy. On the other hand, as Sir Percy found, it is one thing for the representative of the Empire on which the Sun never sets to take a salute in spotless white uniform, and another thing to come gasping out of the surf, one hand held high, engaged in keeping this same uniform as dry as possible.

Sir Percy came through the ordeal with becoming gravity, and his Arab hosts merely recorded another instance of the madness of white men.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 2

1925

The Bluebells are Here

ONCE more the miracle has happened. Spring has come. The bluebells are here.

They have come before ; please God, for all readers of the C.N. they will come again with their magic. The stupendous marvel of spring, with its mystery, its gentle folding in of the earth at night, its wider stars, its scents, has visited our Earth once more, our gardens and our hearts.

Spring is beautiful everywhere : on the veldt, by the isles of Greece, on the Russian steppes, but English folk always feel that spring is their special joy. In this mist-begirt land the farther north you go the shyer spring is—the season of joy comes slowly, secretly, stepping back and coming in again, giving us daffodils, daisies, violets, and then the "blackthorn winter," lest we should grow too confident. It is this slow spring that we love.

Every year our hearts grow warm to think how long and lovely it will be. In London we have watched the first buds come and we hug to ourselves the knowledge that three months of wonder will come before spring slips into summer. In the country there are all kinds of hiding-places where the miracle maker drops a pin-point of colour, a note of life and joy, then slips away again.

The human heart is so bound to dear Mother Nature, we are so much children of the earth and sensitive to her moods, that the miracle cannot but affect us. The more we love it and look for it, the greater is the treasure stored up in our own souls. "The Kingdom of God is within us ;" the riches of spring can only come in fullness to those whose hearts are sensitive to pure beauty.

Here is pale gold not made with hands, hedges crowned with the milk-white May, fields of daisies opal-tipped, bluebells nodding their heads, and violets still if you look for them. They cost nothing ; they are God's bounty.

The spacious days are here, when we may stand in an open place and see clouds suspended like ships becalmed on an azure sea. Under that huge canopy of beauty overhead we are soon aware of innumerable tiny, pretty things, lambs grown hefty and frisky, but not losing their piping bleat, little birds in every tree, bees and butterflies humming—all tiny actors on a vast stage.

Blossom by blossom spring comes. Every day we can go out and find what has happened in the night ; another green spike, another pink bud. Mother birds are feeding their babies ; Mother Nature is cherishing everything and saying, *Go and do thou likewise.*



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Mrs. Gladstone's Way

THERE is so often a way out of a difficulty. Somebody has been recalling that Mr. Gladstone, at his great receptions, used to get a bad pain in his hand through shaking hands with hundreds of people. He used to stiffen it and to place his thumb against the palm so that folk could not grasp it, but Mrs. Gladstone would often come and stand close behind him and thrust her hand forward in place of his, and few people noticed the exchange !

Still War Time at the Post Office

WE notice an excellent suggestion that the Postal Guide should give a table showing the times of collections and deliveries all over the country. There used to be such tables before the war, but they are one of the good things gone.

We imagine that the reason is that the Post Office does not like to advertise that, in some cases, it now takes twice as long to deliver letters as it took before the war.

It is not strange, perhaps, that the war should be making us pay more for our letters, but it is surely strange that the Post Office has not yet recovered from the slowing down of war time.

Well may we wonder when the world will be itself again ; well may we cry, changing Shelley about a little bit :

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight.
Oh World, oh Life, oh Time,
When will return the glory of your prime ?

To Mary Ann

WE have a note from Mary Ann. She thinks we are not perfect. Even the C.N. has its faults. We say too many good things about America, it seems, and we criticise bad films instead of praising good ones.

We are sorry. We are always sorry to be only human when we should like so much to be divine, and, like Lady Astor, we promise to try and be better and better every week. Even now, it seems, we have our good points, for we have taught Mary Ann "how to see and love all that is beautiful, noble, and good, and to despise the ugly and mean and bad." Especially we like this note from her letter :

Largely through your influence I have learned to love and reverence Shakespeare more, to admire goodness in all men and women, and to cast aside foolish superstitions.

I have always scorned superstition, but it still held me in its grip ; and then the other day I read your mascot article. Oh, how it has helped me and altered my outlook. Now I can spill salt, drop gloves or umbrellas, and break a mirror without any thought of evil consequences. Thank you.

I am going now to feed the birds, the creatures I love. You taught me that they were perfect, and I know it now.

Our love to Mary Ann. We will try to be as perfect as the birds.

The Messenger from the King

WHEN Mark Rutherford's wife talked to him about religion he never interrupted her. He listened to the very end and sat perfectly still. She once spoke of this, and he said : " If a message was brought from some great king do you think I should interrupt the messenger ? "

Tip-Cat

SOME people, we read, brag about their ancestors as if they had invented them. Many of them have.

If there are more laws than people will obey, why not pass another to make them obey the laws ?

PLAY the game with the world and the world will play the game with you, we read. But somebody else will have to do the work.

A JUDGE regrets that some landlords have to suffer. They so often get rent.

TRUTH is not always ugly. But even at its best it is plain.

A CORRESPONDENT wonders who invented cross words. It is not true, we think, that they were invented by the Rubber Trust to increase the sale of erasers.

TOWN people hunger for the country. But even if they had a stake in it it would not be eatable.

EUROPE, just now, has its eyes on Britain. Naturally, because it is an eye-land.

THIS is no time for an Englishman to insist on his rights. He won't even get his lefts, though, if he does not ask for them.

Grannie Sleeps

How differently people used to live as regards clothes and fresh air only thirty or forty years ago !

In a charming book of the Letters and Journals of Ann Chalmers we read of Ann as a grandmother, sleeping with her windows tight shut, the shutters closed, the curtains of the four-post bed drawn and pinned together. The grandchildren used to climb up on a sofa, unpin the curtains, and peep in at Grannie, who slept in an eiderdown petticoat, a sealskin jacket, and a nightcap ! We are glad to know that, by a miracle, Grannie succeeded in living to a good old age !

Some Heart is Glad

Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so ;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
Whichever way it blows is best.

On the Road Again

By a C.N. Cyclist

MANY a knight of the road is now rejoicing in the coming of spring. He has felt it sorry work beguiling the fireside hours with a volume of other men's travels in far-off lands, pausing from time to time as he glances across the sodden meadow and down the rutted lane.

When a day comes which seems to show promise of spring, at once we set to cleaning, oiling, and polishing up our cycles and our side-cars, or overhauling the knapsack.

The great roads suddenly bring a fresh and increasing stream of life along their smooth surfaces. With Maurice Hewlett we cry joyously : " World, world, I am coming ! " and stride or pedal forward.

The Fragrance of the Road

At the cost of some undoubted thrills in the consciousness of great speed, the pedestrian and the bicyclist have nearly all the delights of the road to themselves, for what motor-car ever invaded the green and sparkling serenity of a forest glen ? And to travel too fast involves missing, among many other good things, all that exquisite fragrance of the road which vanishes before the dust of an on-coming motorist, the comforting smell of a wayside inn which rejoices even a teetotal nose, the heavenly scent of the woodland violet and the cowslip.

Yet some of us are led by the thoughtlessness of others almost to regret the increasing facilities our people have for seeing the countryside. Surely there should be founded a League of Kindness to the Grass and the Hedges, whose object it would be to work upon the hearts of unruly men, urging them to abstain from throwing about litter and bottles to lie on the ground and disfigure the landscape. As a timely warbler in Punch has protested :

If you leave your orange-peel all littered on the grass
You'll never go to fairyland, or see the fairies pass.

For empty tins and tangled strings
And paper bags are not the things
To scatter where a linnet sings.

The Burst Tyre

How truly lovely it is to see spring coming on again, to be swinging along the old green lanes and over the familiar stiles ! And how good it is to meet a fellow wanderer ! The other day a man was stranded miles from anywhere with a burst tyre and very little means of mending it. Before long there came by an elderly cyclist, who produced from his tool-bag canvas and rubber solution, and soon had the injured machine once more on its tyres. Then he went on, declining recompense and asking for no thanks ; " only," said he, " if ever you meet anyone on the road in the same plight please put him right again—that's all ! " A living witness, surely, of the truth that men are brothers all, and that " Earth's crammed with heaven, and every common bush afire with God."

Thus it was that before Eliezer ben Yehudah died, in 1922, he had the happiness of seeing the Hebrew language established, not only in daily use among the Jews of Palestine, but as the official language of the country.

BROADCASTING A GOOD THING BEING DONE WELL

Opening the Gates of Wonder
Wider Yet

B.B.C. AND ITS CRITICS

A good deal of criticism has been springing up against the system of broadcasting sanctioned in this country, which the C.N. believes to be the best that any country has.

The criticism is based on the idea that the Government has become partners with the B.B.C. in a monopoly, and many people have a rooted objection to any kind of monopoly whatsoever being established. They think competition is always best.

While monopolies are bad, as a rule, we suggest that the rule has notable exceptions, and that practical experience of the working of the B.B.C. has proved that, like the national working of the distribution of the nation's letters through the Post Office, the placing of broadcasting under one central control has been a triumphant success.

Where Monopoly is Best

It is not conceivable that any method of collecting and delivering a nation's correspondence could be as complete, smooth, and trustworthy as a national post office. Competition would bring infinite confusion. And so it would be with competitive broadcasting. On the other hand, a narrowly managed restrictive monopoly in broadcasting would be unbearable. But that is not what the country has. It has the advantage of a generous, wisely planned, energetically worked system, supplying a remarkably varied programme of music of all kinds, amusement of many forms and qualities, instruction of sound value, and inspiration of high importance.

If the country deals with the B.B.C. as fairly as the company has dealt with the country, then it will frankly own that the spirit in which the pioneer work has been done has been genuinely national in tone—broad, fair, cultured, and free from all pettiness.

The Children's Needs

Of course there will be grumblers. Where millions are concerned there are sure to be some who resent other people's tastes being catered for as well as their own, and unreasonable people of that type are always most forward in making themselves heard. Our own sentiment towards the B.B.C., on behalf of the children of the nation, is one of appreciation and hearty gratitude.

From the first the B.B.C. organisers thought with an intelligent sympathy of the children's needs. They offered them feeling and fancy, as well as information. Their plans for taking a serious part in education have been entrusted to competent advisers, and, season by season, programmes of courses are arranged which give schools a varied choice of stimulating studies. We have no doubt that as time goes on there will be consultation between Education Authorities and the educational broadcasters such as will enable schools to take advantage of the freshness which comes with knowledge brought by new methods in unfamiliar ways.

A Hopeful Outlook

Enough has already been done to enable all who deeply care for the nation's childhood to feel that no section of listeners has derived greater benefit from wireless than the children in whom a sense of contact with the great world has been created. Wireless is stirring our imagination and expanding our thoughts. It is opening the gates of this world of wonder wider and wider yet, and if there are difficulties they are no greater than would be expected with the introduction of such a marvellous new factor in the life of our people.

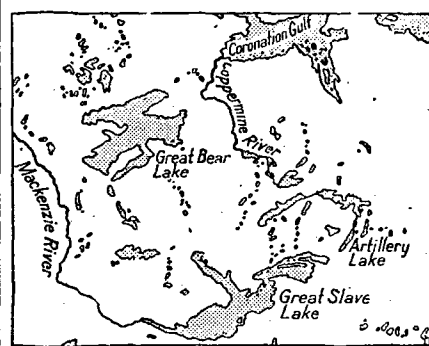
RIVER RUNNING TO THE ARCTIC A Mystery of Great Waters

THROUGH THE CARIBOU GRASSLANDS

It is a mistake to think all the Earth is 'known'. There are still big patches which civilised eyes have never seen.

Only last summer a considerable stretch of northern Canada was brought within official knowledge. If it had ever been crossed before it was by Indian or Eskimo hunters out of touch with the modern world. This region is the part drained by the Coppermine River between the Great Slave Lake and the Arctic Ocean.

The Great Slave Lake is now a water highway; and a cluster of lakes, of which the Artillery Lake is the beginning, stretches far northward, through rocky Barren Lands. Somewhere from this



The Coppermine River

maze of lakes a river of majestic size breaks forth and crosses a final plain to Coronation Gulf on the Arctic Ocean.

This is the Coppermine River, so named because of the belief that it flows through lands almost fabulously rich in copper. Until last year its headwaters and upper course had never been visited.

They have not been traced now; but a Canadian Government surveyor, Mr. Blanchet, has threaded the tortuous passages of the mosquito-swarming lakes, and has come out on the edge of the great plain beyond; and there he has seen the mysterious Coppermine River pour through rocky barriers and flow by caribou-haunted grasslands to the region already visited by white adventurers from its seaward side.

Land of Adventure

The story Mr. Blanchet tells is that the so-called Barren Lands are by no means altogether barren. They are only a rocky, hilly, water-strewn barrier to more inviting lands beyond, where grass and mosses flourish, herds of caribou roam, and the musk ox, grizzly, wolves, and foxes have a natural home—an almost unknown reserve of fur-bearing animals and game, while the waters and lakes abound with fish.

It is not a land to which anybody except a born adventurer would go for choice; but it is at last becoming a known land, and it is not so inhospitable as to repel the curiosity of the brave, hardy, and experienced traveller.

GOOD-BYE TO RED TAPE America Lets it Go

In the interests of economy red tape is being replaced by ordinary string in securing bundles of papers and documents in American government offices.

It was the use of this red tape by the governments of the world that gave rise to the famous term "red tape" to indicate government waste, delay, and inefficiency. In one sense, therefore, America has eliminated red tape!

THE REHOBOTHS A Little South African Tribe

WHY 600 MEN REVOLTED

Who are the Rehoboths who have been in the papers lately?

They sound as if they came out of the Bible, but they do not. They are a community of halfcastes who trekked from Cape Colony some 70 years ago to what was till the war German South-West Africa, where they lived a life of virtual independence.

In the war they sided with the British and were very much disappointed when the territory was allotted to South Africa, on a Mandate from the League, and they were not allowed to remain independent. They were allowed to keep their own Parliament, and the supervision from Cape Town was very mild. A special effort was made last year to settle up all their grievances, but 600 of the younger men revolted.

A strong force was sent against them and happily it obtained their submission without bloodshed. The rebels sent an appeal to the League of Nations early in the year, but as the South African Government is only carrying out the League's instructions in looking after these people we are not likely to hear anything more about it.

The Rehoboths occupy 5000 square miles of territory, and number (men, women, and children) 5000 souls. So they have fair breathing space!

LOST AND FOUND An Explorer in the Wilds of Australia

There has been a good deal of anxiety as to the safety of Captain G. H. Wilkins, who has been exploring the wilds on the inland side of the mountains stretching north and south throughout the eastern part of Australia. Captain Wilkins left England two years ago to collect plants and animals for the British Museum.

Last November he was heard of from Crocodile Creek, far away to the north, in Arnhem Land, which he had reached with pack horses, carrying with him many rare samples of Australian flora and fauna. It was understood to be his intention then to go westward and southward to Fremantle, and so home, but evidently something happened to change his plans, for his brother in Adelaide has just received a message from Port Darwin saying he has been heard of passing through Townsville, on the east coast.

Captain Wilkins has with him five other scientists and several assistants and it is good to know that they are apparently safe. The captain was with Shackleton on the Quest.

DENMARK DISARMING New Bill to Abolish Forts

It was told in the C.N. many months ago how the Danish Government had proposed the abolition of the Danish army and navy in the belief that for so small a country armaments brought danger rather than safety.

A committee of the Folketing, the Danish Lower House, has now proposed amendments which practically make the Bill a new one, and the Government will bring it in again in the autumn.

Under it all fortifications are to be done away with. What is left of the navy will be turned into guardships for policing the seaways. The small conscript army will be abolished, and in its place volunteers will ballot once a year for 1600 places in a guard corps. Land guards and sea guards will cost less than a million pounds a year against something approaching three millions spent on the present forces.

If the Bill becomes law Denmark will be the first European Government to abolish its army and navy, though Sweden is making some big reductions.

THE WORLD WRITES TO THE I.L.O.

PEEPS INTO ITS POSTBAG

Many Nations Seeking
Information from Geneva

WHAT THE LABOUR OFFICE IS DOING

One of the most interesting post-bags in the world is the bulky one which arrives each day at the International Labour Office.

Every letter as it is opened has something in it about men, women, and children and their work all over the globe or about laws that are being passed to improve conditions for them. For example, one describes a law just passed in Italy for the increased welfare of children; another tells how France tries to stop the rise in food prices; a third shows how rapidly trade unions are growing up in China. Some of the letters ask for information on wages and hours of work in industries, some for the best methods of educating young workers, while others want advice on factory inspection. Nearly all the letters asking for information state that it is needed for making new laws.

What is this Labour Office to which come all these letters in unfamiliar languages and with strange postmarks?

A Tremendous Task

It is part of the League of Nations, that vast workshop filled with machinery which is continually forging links to bind nations in greater harmony with each other. There are many departments in the workshop. The big department which works for improving labour and social conditions is the I.L.O.

To it come the letters from East and West and North and South, and from their contents the Labour Office learns the conditions of life and work for which reforms are needed. If a large number of working communities definitely desire some certain reform, and it is practicable, then the Office sets to work. Countries know from experience that it is useless to introduce any big reform for their own working people unless other countries do the same, and the only way therefore is by international agreements.

These agreements are put into shape and form by the Labour Office and it is a tremendous task. Think of the difficulty in the way when an agreement has to satisfy 54 countries. Not only must existing conditions be known, but also the laws that are already in force.

Making International Law

The collecting, studying, and sorting of all this information are done by the Office and when that is finished and a rough draft is prepared, then it must be put into proper legal form. But the legal form that is right for one country may not be so for another. Mohammedans, for instance, have an entirely different code of law from our own and if the agreement is to satisfy everyone some form must be found that will be adaptable to all the varying systems.

When finally the agreement is prepared, it comes before the yearly conference of the Labour Organisation to which come representatives of Governments, Workers and Employers from all the 54 States to consider it just as any national Parliament considers bills. If it is accepted, then it becomes a Convention, and is presented to the Parliaments of the various countries.

The great Conference of the Labour Organisation meets in the early summer at Geneva and lasts some weeks. This year it begins on May 19.

LOUD-SPEAKER IN NOTRE DAME

So difficult is it to hear distinctly in all parts of Notre Dame, in Paris, that addresses will be made into a microphone, which is to operate loud-speakers in different parts of the cathedral.

BY BUS THROUGH RONCESVALLES

MEMORY OF A GREAT ROMANCE

Hooter Sounds where Roland
Blew the Magic Horn

SONG THAT LED THE NORMANS TO VICTORY

A service of motor-buses has begun to run through the valley of Roncevaux. This brief announcement, made the other day, seemed very prosaic, but behind it lies one of the great romantic stories of history. For Roncevaux is none other than the famous Roncesvalles, the place where the rearguard of Charlemagne's army suffered defeat at the hands of the Moors in 778, and where his two most famous paladins, Roland and Oliver, perished.

Roncesvalles was not one of the great decisive battles of history. Yet no action of so small importance has ever been made the theme of so many heroic legends and songs. A well-known historian calls it the Thermopylae of the Pyrenees.

A Message for the Emperor

It was with the stirring Song of Roland, sung by the minstrel Taillefer at their head, that the army of Norman William went into the fray at the Battle of Hastings, and many a warrior since has been stirred to deeds of bravery by the same song.

According to the chroniclers, Marsilius, the Moorish King of Saragossa, when hard pressed by Charlemagne, who had invaded his country, sent a message that if the Emperor would retire over the Pyrenees, he would speedily follow him to Aix and there be baptised as a Christian.

The Emperor, encouraged by the traitor Ganelon, agreed to the terms and retired, but left Roland and Oliver, two of the bravest of his paladins, with a small force to guard his retreat. No sooner had the Emperor retired out of reach than the treacherous Moors swarmed down upon the pass and attacked the gallant rearguard.

A Famous Battle

Roland was urged to sound his wonderful horn, known as Olivant, which could be heard for twenty miles, so that Charlemagne might be called back to his aid. But he scorned to do so, saying that he would rather die than call the Emperor back. He had undertaken to guard the rear, and he would do so to the death.

The battle which followed was savage and dreadful beyond description. Only when the greater part of his force had perished did Roland sound the famous horn, and then not to summon help, but to let the Emperor see that his rearguard had been faithful and to insure that the fallen warriors should receive Christian burial.

Roland Blows the Horn

Three times Roland blew the horn, and three times did Charlemagne and his army hear the sound come faintly over the mountains. He rushed back with his army only to find that Roland and Oliver with the whole of the rearguard had perished. But the Moorish army had been defeated and had fled. Ganelon the traitor was hanged on the field of battle amid the execration of Charlemagne's host.

It is this romantic valley, for ever rendered famous by the reckless bravery of the gallant Roland and his friends, the valley which eleven and a half centuries ago resounded to the clash of arms and the rush of armies, and which heard the blast of the wonderful horn Olivant, that is now to resound to the rush of the motor-bus, the sound of the engine, and blast of another horn, the hooter that warns the pedestrian to get out of the way of the oncoming vehicle.

THE WAYS OF SOME PEOPLE

WHAT ARE THE RULERS OF THE DART ABOUT?

A Thing of Shame from
Beautiful Devon

REWARDING EVIL-DOING

One of the strangest things in this mixed and medley world is that in out-of-the-way places, even in a country like England, there will be a group of supposedly intelligent people who do not seem to have any idea of what the vast majority of people like themselves are thinking. Here is an instance.

Almost all English people who know Devonshire, as everybody should, have made the trip up the beautiful estuary of the Dart between Dartmouth and Totnes. It is a beauty spot with a national repute. One would suppose that people who have charge of such a place would have some idea of national ways of thinking. But the Board of Conservators for the River Dart seem to have missed them entirely.

One of the best features of the up-to-date thought of our times is that it sees the need for conserving what is beautiful and interesting in all forms of scenery and animal life, and particularly of bird life. Sanctuaries are being formed in many places to give the once-prolific bird life of our islands a chance.

A Public Delight

Real knowledge shows that birds, on the whole, are far more of a blessing than a drawback, and as objects of observation they are yearly becoming more and more a public delight. Anyone can see, for example, the humanising effects on London of its friendly pigeons, gulls, and sparrows.

One of the most interesting of birds, because of its strangeness and aloofness, is the heron. Usually it is welcomed, and regarded as an honoured guest. But what the Dart Board of Conservators does is to offer anyone who will kill a heron in the area under its rule the sum of five shillings.

The excuse, no doubt, is that the bird lives on fish. So it does in the neighbourhood of private lakes and fishponds where it is welcomed; and where there is not the fish supply that abounds in the constantly-refilled estuary of the Dart. We give extended publicity to the doings of the Dart Conservators in the hope that if they have not wisdom enough to withdraw their bribe a sense of shame may be a sufficient incentive.

DOGGIE'S LICENCE

A Teacher's Good Idea

A teacher has formed a licence club, so that people are sure to be able to buy a dog-licence when New Year's Day arrives.

If a man keeps a dog without taking out a licence he gets into trouble, and so, every January, lots of poor people's dogs are turned from their homes because their owners cannot afford the licence. Many of these dogs are found by the police, and unless someone claims them they are destroyed.

Now a kind-hearted lady teacher has thought of a way to avoid that. She gave a notice to all children whose parents keep a dog, telling them that she was forming a club so that when next January comes all members would be able to get a licence. Immediately she had many applicants for membership, and now she has over a hundred members.

It is worked like a school bank. Each member has a small card on which his twopence a week is entered, and when the New Year comes each member will be given a dog-licence, and will then start saving again for the next year.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Why has a Locomotive a Dome?

The dome is used to collect the dry steam from the boiler and to pass it on to the cylinders.

How is the Name Esther Pronounced?

Es-ter, with the stress on the first syllable. The th are not sounded as th in that, and the h is not aspirated.

Is Mount Fujiyama Still in Existence?

Yes; this Japanese volcano still exists, but a year or two ago part of the cone was blown away.

What is Ambergris?

A waxy substance found in sperm whales, varying in colour from white to black and often mottled like marble. It is used in making perfumery.

When was the Treacle Bible Published?

The Treacle Bible, so called because Jeremiah, chapter 8, verse 22, is translated "Is there no treacle in Gilead?" is another name for Coverdale's Bible of 1535.

What is the Circumference of the Sun?

The Sun is about 866,000 miles in diameter, and his circumference must therefore be about three and one-seventh times this, or nearly two and three-quarter millions of miles.

Is There Any Fish Which Always Swims Upside Down?

Yes; a fish of the Nile, known to scientists as Synodontis batensoda, habitually swims in an inverted position. The reason for this is not understood.

Are any Sharks Luminous?

The power of emitting light is possessed by some sharks of the family, Spinacidae, to which our common spiny dog-fish belongs. The light has a greenish, phosphorescent appearance, and lasts for some hours after death.

How Many Tons of Timber are Used Annually for Matches?

We believe no figures are issued of the tonnage, but Bryant & May's alone make a hundred million matches a year, which involves the cutting down of almost a small forest.

Are Beetles Blind?

No; the eyes, which are composed of many facets, are situated on the side of the head, and are usually large. They are normally two in number, but in some beetles there are four, and often the vision is particularly sharp.

What is Natural Gas, and Where is It Found?

Natural gas is a gas that is produced in the earth, and escapes or is drawn off instead of being manufactured artificially like coal gas. It occurs in many parts of the world, notably in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., and at Baku, in the Caucasus.

What Happens to the Cenotaph Flags when They are Removed?

The First Commissioner of the Office of Works informs us that the flags, when removed from the Cenotaph, are handed to the Secretary of the Imperial War Museum at Kensington, who arranges for their disposal.

Why Do We Breathe More Deeply when Sleeping?

During sleep there is a diminished activity of the entire nervous system, and this results in a reduction of the activity of the heart, of respiration, and of other functions. The body, being at rest, is burning less rapidly, and less oxygen being needed we breathe more slowly.

What Poem of Tennyson's is Said to Have Procured Him the Laureateship?

When Wordsworth died in 1850 the laureateship was first offered to Rogers, who declined it as being too old. The offer was then made to Tennyson, owing, it is said, to Prince Albert's admiration of In Memoriam, which had been published in the same year.

From what Source did the Likeness of Christ Originate?

The likeness of Christ gradually developed from the earliest sketches. The late Sir Wyke Bayliss, President of the Royal Society of British Artists, deals exhaustively with the subject of the authenticity of the portrait in his book Rex Regum, which should be consulted at some library.

Where were Namancos and Bayon which are mentioned in Milton's Lycidas?

The "great vision of the guarded mount," referred to by Milton, is that of the Archangel Michael appearing according to tradition on the mount named after him in Cornwall. The poet imagines him still seated and looking out towards Namancos, near Cape Finisterre, and the Castle of Bayona, in Galicia, Spain.

THREE COMETS FOUND

THIS YEAR'S NEW AND OLD VISITORS

A Tail 200 Million Miles Long
WANDERERS THROUGH SPACE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

During this year astronomers are hoping to see the heavens adorned with an exceptional number of comets.

It is anticipated that as many as twelve will visit our skies, and that there will be always, from now onwards, at least one visible, and probably two or three, as is at present the case.

Unfortunately they will all be too faint to see with the naked eye, and in most cases will require a good telescope and much patience to find them. Already three new comets have been discovered.

The first, Comet 1925a, was discovered by Herr Schain of Hamburg. This comet has been speeding through the constellation of Leo, and is now some way to the south-east of Regulus, but will require a good telescope to see it.

The second, Comet 1925b, was discovered by Mr. Reid at Cape Town. This one, though brighter than the first, is so far south in Hydra that it is practically beyond the reach of observation.

The third one, Comet 1925c, was discovered by the astronomer Orkisz of Poland. It is travelling northward through Cassiopeia but is not well placed for observation, being low in the north of an evening. It is faint, but easily seen with glasses.

A Family of Comets

Apart from these newcomers, ten old visitors are expected from the distant regions in the neighbourhood of Jupiter's orbit. They are all members of the great Jovian family of comets, and come from aphelion realms, 400 to 500 million miles from the Sun.

These are known, according to the names of their respective discoverers, as Schorr's, Brooks's, Faye's, Wolf's, Tempel-Swift's, Tempel's Second, Borrelly's, Kopff's, Finlay's, and Holmes's comets, the last two not being at their nearest to us till 1926.

In addition, there is the Meechain-Tuttle comet which belongs to Saturn's family of comets, of which two only are known. This, though about a hundred million miles away at present, is expected to become visible towards the end of the year, and during next spring.

The paths of all these comets, their probable position at various dates, are known with a fair degree of certainty, but not with absolute precision; because comets are very susceptible to planetary influences. Moreover, forces inherent in the comets, or operating from the Sun, appear to make them much brighter at some returns than at others.

Famous Giants

Of course, what we all particularly want to see is one of those great comets which come from remote depths of space, far beyond the limits of the Solar System.

Such was the Great Comet of 1811, with a tail 100 million miles long; and the greatest comet of all, which appeared in 1843 with one 200 million miles long. The wonderful comet of 1858 possessed a tail extending for 45 million miles, while that of 1861 was 24 million miles. The next "giant" appeared in 1882 and had a tail that extended 60 million miles.

Since then there has been a great dearth in fine cometary spectacles, except for the short-lived apparition of 1910, which very few people in this country got a glimpse of, although it had a tail 9 million miles long and was visible in daylight, soon after sunset. A great comet is long overdue. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Mercury low in the east, Jupiter south. In the evening Mars in the west. Saturn south-east after 8 p.m., Summer Time.

COPPER MOUNTAIN

Adventurous Days
Among the Eskimos

Set down by
John Halden

CHAPTER 1

Timothy in the Chair

IN the Curwell family council Timothy was momentarily the centre of interest.

Not that this was a new experience for Timothy. It seemed to him that once a week, at least, he found himself in the living-room explaining himself out of some scrape or other. Timothy had a faculty for getting into trouble—equalled only by his younger brother Thomas. But on this occasion there was no disapproval in the atmosphere that surrounded him. Rather an excited interest that made him, it must be confessed, spread himself a little as he took a commanding position on the hearth-rug and told the story of his adventure in New York.

"I had spent the day down on the water-front making inquiries about ships to Alaska, and wondering if Father's insurance money would get us all there with something left over for equipment—sleds and dogs and all that, you know," he said. "It was a cold, blustering day, and I thought a bowl of hot oyster stew would be about right, so I—"

"Trust Tim to get his food," muttered Thomas from his place behind the table lamp.

Timothy turned a haughty glance in his direction.

A slow voice came from the easy chair drawn up near the fire, where Christopher, the elder brother who had been father to them all during the years since Professor Curwell's death, lay in unaccustomed relaxation.

"Go on, Tim," he said; and Timothy's face softened from its assumed hauteur, for he saw that Christopher's eyes were alight with interest for the first time since his illness had come upon him, months before.

"So I went into one of the wait-on-yourself restaurants they have there," continued Timothy, "all white, glistening tile for the walls and ceiling and floor, and white porcelain-topped tables. I'd just put in my order for a large bowl of crackers and stew, when I saw a man at a table eating beans."

"Whereupon you put in an order for a plate of beans as well."

The muffled voice was Tom's. Timothy ignored it.

"Now that man was the oddest-looking sight I ever saw in my life," he continued. "He had long hair hanging to his shoulders about a lean and melancholy face, and his clothes were sealskin, with the fur turned in. Queerly made, in a sort of tunic effect, and funny loose fur trousers—"

"Fashions for men, straight from the New York water-front," muttered the irrepressible Tom; and Timothy glanced at him wrathfully.

"Tom dear, you really are a nuisance with your interruptions!" This time it was the peacemaker, Ellen, mending the family socks, as usual; Ellen, who had been mother to the family as long as the youngest of them could remember. "Save your witty comments till Timothy has done."

Timothy threw a grin of triumph at his vanquished brother, and continued.

"Of course, I made straight for his table, hoping I might find out who he was. I found him surrounded by empty bean plates. Six of them, to be exact. You know the helpings they give you; one is a meal for any ordinary man. I watched him finish his seventh plate slowly, and sit back and gaze at the walls and ceiling with a contented smile. Then, catching the astounded eye of a waitress his face fell, and, with a sigh of resignation, he rose and shuffled to the counter for another plate of beans.

"I got to keep on eating, buddie, or I reckon they wouldn't let me stay," he remarked confidentially to me as he returned. 'And this is the most home-like place I've struck since I left the North.'

"Home-like?' I said. 'Where is your home, then?'

"He lifted a spoonful of beans reluctantly, gazed sadly at it for a moment, and put it down again.

"Well, son," he said, 'I've lived most places on this Earth's surface in twenty-seven years of whaling, but for a real cosy place to spend the evening, give me a snow house up as close to the Pole as you can get it, walls and ceiling white and glittering like this, a supper of seal's flippers bubbling on the stove, and a lamp burning warm and yellow on a slab of snow.'

"You can imagine how I felt! Here was a man who knew all about the country we are going to. I lost all interest in my oyster stew and"—here a slight, sardonic cough from Tom—"and started to question him.

"He told me his name was Ole Oleson—you can guess his origin—and that he has been a whaler since boyhood. Lately, now that the whales are scarcer, he's been spending most of his time up in the Arctic, trading for furs and so forth with the Eskimo. I told him about Christopher and the bad spot in his lung, and how the doctor had ordered an outdoor life in a cold country and a complete rest from his work here in the University. I told him how Ellen had refused to let Chris go away alone, and how we'd figured that Father's insurance money would take us all up to Victoria Island, where Chris could go on with his anthropological studies and maybe write the book on the Blonde Eskimo he's been longing to do, and make himself famous.

"Ole Oleson said he didn't know as to that, for he'd always found the Eskimo an ordinary enough people, friendly and simple, though inclined to be superstitious. But when I said the whole thing started from our reading Stefansson, it seemed to start him off. His eyes lighted up with a sort of solemnity, and he reached a large hand across the table.

"Buddie," he said, 'shake! I knew him!'

"I fairly clung to his hand. 'You knew Stefansson?'

"I got him a couple of dogs once, and I mended his sled. There was a man who knew how to handle that country! You just couldn't stop him when he wanted to get anywhere."

"Well, we got friendlier and friendlier, and finally he suggested that he should accompany us back. Sort of show us the ropes. I jumped at it, of course, knowing that you would approve.

"Then he told me his great scheme. Away in the interior of Victoria Island, where as yet no white man has ever been, the natives say there is a mountain of almost pure copper, great chunks of it lying sometimes on the very surface of the ground. That's where the Blonde Eskimos are supposed to get material for their copper ornaments.

"But, according to the coast Eskimos, who told Oleson of the mountain, the place is guarded by a terribly fierce tribe of savages who kill all strangers by hacking them to death with the antlers of bull caribou. They have only one fierce eye, and that turns round and round in search of enemies."

Timothy paused dramatically, then continued to his fascinated audience:

"Unthinkable wealth awaits the white man who discovers that mountain!"

A slight laugh came from Christopher.

"Unthinkable, indeed! Did Oleson expect you to believe these absurd legends?"

"Not the part about the single eye, of course," answered Timothy earnestly. "But Oleson is convinced there is something in the tale of the Copper Mountain. The Blonde Eskimos certainly have some big source of supply for their ornaments. Ole is determined to look into it. He and another whaler, who was in the secret, had come down to get supplies for the exploring push inland. It seems his pal died of pneumonia after six days in New York, and in nursing him Ole missed his boat back.

"Died of pneumonia, buddie, in this so-called temperate zone, after twenty years in the Arctic," he told me bitterly. He could hardly talk about his friend at all, he felt his loss so keenly. You'll like him, Ellen. He's simple and loyal to the core. He says he thinks we ought to go by way of Vancouver to Nome and then up round the coast of Alaska to Langton Bay, where we can pitch autumn camp, hunt caribou and bear, and prepare to travel by sled after the winter freeze-up along the Coppermine River down to Coronation Gulf. How does that sound?"

"Very well indeed. We cannot,

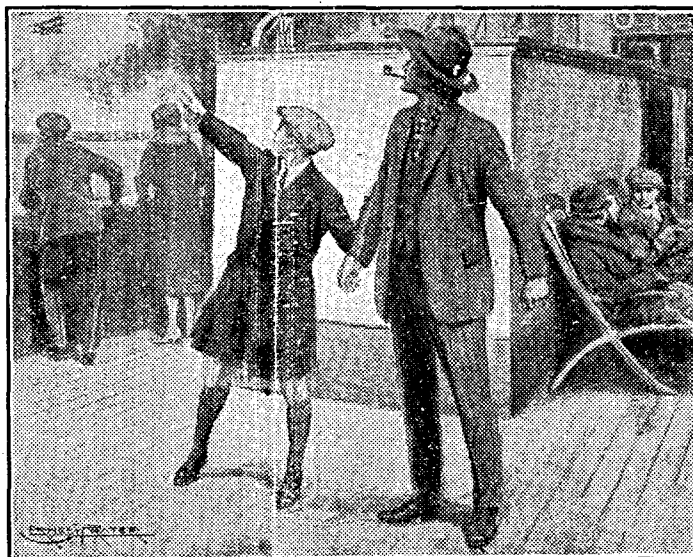
Ellen, as she faced the new arrival, felt the dismay of the townspeople echoed in her own heart for a moment. Ole had got himself "store clothes" that made his lanky figure more outlandish, if possible, still. He had not thought to cut his hair; that was pushed simply back behind his ears. But when she saw the mild eyes of the visitor her consternation slipped away and she spoke her trouble at once.

"Oh, Mr. Oleson!" said Ellen. "Do you think it's safe to go?"

Ole Oleson did not reply at once. He looked at Christopher with his scholar's stoop and pallor, then in friendly fashion at the candid eyes and impudent nose of Tom; at Tim, and then again at Ellen, whom it was clear he thought the loveliest being he had ever seen. Then he made a gesture that seemed to take the whole family into his arms.

"Why, little lady," said Ole Oleson, and across his weather-beaten face there spread a smile of unexpected sweetness. "Why, little lady, do you think I'd let anything happen to any of you? I may be scared mighty nigh to death crossing the road for fear of losing a couple of arms and a leg or two under a 'bus, but I know all about bears and blizzards. When do we start?"

So they started, in spite of the forebodings of their friends, though



Tom clutched Ole's arm and pointed

of course, enter into any such absurd project as this search for Copper Mountain, but if he will consent to be our guide as far as Coronation Gulf your new friend would seem to be a very fortunate find—" began the grave voice of Christopher.

But a loud crow from Thomas overtopped it, as he rose from behind his chemistry book, and approached his brother with outstretched hand.

"Timothy Curwell," he said solemnly, "put it there! Fourteen years we've lived beneath the same roof, and now at last you've proved worthy of the relationship. I forgive you all—"

He choked in the excess of his enthusiasm, and Timothy, in dignified silence, permitted his hand to be wrung.

"When shall we see this Mr. Oleson?" inquired Ellen.

"I thought you wouldn't mind, Nell, so I asked him down to stay with us a week or so and talk over plans. He should arrive tomorrow."

CHAPTER 2

The Start

THE next day was spent in the necessary explaining of plans to their friends in the town. As the Curwells had feared, these conservative friends united in predicting death and disaster in the far North.

"You'll be frozen to death in blizzards! Eaten by bears! Starved to death! People go mad in the silence and loneliness of the Arctic!" they cried.

Then into the midst of this hubbub of fears came Ole Oleson, and

there were times when Ellen, busied about the preparations, half believed these forebodings might be true.

If she had guessed one-half the weird adventures the words Copper Mountain were to recall later in their lives, she might have felt sure of it. But she and Christopher discouraged the wild flights of their brothers' imaginations on the subject of the fabulous mines.

When alone, however, the boys and Ole talked of little else than Copper Mountain. Ole, while sincerely hoping his young friends might be able to accompany him, intended to go himself in any case.

The first stage of the journey North was by train to Vancouver, British Columbia, where the Curwells found they must wait several weeks for a freighter, captained by a friend of Ole's, to take them on to Nome.

It was while exploring this far western town that Timothy came upon what he described to Ole as a "boneyard for discarded army aeroplanes."

"I tell you, Ole, what we need on this expedition is a small two-seater biplane to scout for the site of Copper Mountain. It may take years looking for it on foot," he announced.

"It would be mighty handy, I admit," answered the whaler, "if we had any chance of getting one, someone to run it, and any way to get it up there."

"If you'll attend to the last difficulty by persuading your friend to give it deck-room on his boat, I think I can get enough old parts for next to nothing from the army boneyard to put one together,"

said Timothy. "I've had some training in the construction of airplanes in the aviation school at the U. It's been my hobby since my High School days."

"I know the freighter well that we're going on," said Oleson. "It's a good size, and if there is no room on the lower deck, I might persuade my friend to let us lash the plane on top by the captain's quarters, where there's an unusually broad, clear space. The difficulty will be moving it about in the Arctic. With the necessary supply of petrol it would need an extra sled."

"Tom and I will take care of that. We'll drag it ourselves if there's a shortage of dogs, and of course abandon it like a shot if necessary. But it may be the means of finding Copper Mountain."

With this understanding the boys went to work seriously on the biplane, which was soon finished; and after a trial flight or two Timothy pronounced it satisfactory. They said nothing about the plane to Ellen and Christopher, fearing that their sceptical elders might put a stop to the project. So Timothy had to pledge his credit and expend much persuasive eloquence to get the needed parts; and the two boys put together their few valuables to get money for their share of the petrol, which Tom smuggled aboard the freighter a day or two before the time set for sailing.

The hour set for departure came, with everyone on board but Timothy. He had disappeared early that morning. The captain paced the deck, watch in hand.

"We'll lose the tide," he said gruffly, at last. "We can't delay any longer."

Ellen, her face white with worry, looked at him appealingly, but he shook his head.

"Sorry, Miss Curwell," he said. "I'll send word ashore that your brother is to take the next boat out and meet you at Nome. That's the best I can do."

He gave the order to heave anchor.

Thomas and Ole exchanged a look of blank consternation. They knew that Timothy had gone on a final trial flight that morning to make sure that the biplane was in perfect order. Could it be that he had crashed? Ole turned to Ellen.

"I can't ask the captain to shirk his duty to his employers by delaying," he said. "But I'll go ashore and look for him."

Ellen shook her head.

"We'd be lost without you, Ole," she said. "Timothy is self-reliant and will find a way to rejoin us at Nome. We'll have to wait for him there."

Thomas, for his part, clenched his teeth and fought an impulse to make a clean breast of the whole business to Ellen.

The freighter was soon well headed for the open sea. Suddenly Tom's ears caught the sound of a familiar buzz in the sky to landward. The boy clutched Ole's arm and pointed.

It was an aeroplane flying rapidly toward them from the receding line of coast.

"Surely the lad can't be thinking—" cried Ole.

"Oh, the ass—the ass!" groaned Tom. "He'll kill himself if he tries to land on the boat!" He ran frantically to where Ellen and Christopher lay in deck chairs. "Ellen! Go below! Chris, take Ellen down to the cabin. You don't know what's going to happen. You mustn't see it!" Half dragging, half carrying them, he pushed his bewildered brother and sister down the stairs to the lower deck, and, before they could prevent it, closed and bolted the door on them.

Above him the roar of the biplane motor was now very close, and in the pilot's seat, his face white and intent, Timothy could be seen, measuring carefully with his eye the distance to the deck of the freighter.

TO BE CONTINUED

May 2, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

11



Beauty Without and Joy Within



D! MERRYMAN

"Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels?"

"Unquestionably."
"What is it?"
"I've just told you."

Beheaded Word

MY first is heard from the dungeon drear,
When the poor prisoner bound lies there.

Behead, and you will quickly find
I'm not to land or sea confined;
I firmly social ties unite,
And also serve to give you light.
Behead again, and you will find
You use me to express your mind.

Solution next week

WHAT is the word meaning a height which, when reversed, means a depth? Tip—pit.

Ungrammatical but True

"DID you notice that pile of wood in the yard?" said the lady to the tramp.

"Yes'm, I seen it."
"You should mind your grammar. You mean you saw it."
"No'm. You saw me see it, but ain't going to see me saw it."

A Healthy Appetite

THERE was an old man of Broadstairs
Who was fearfully fond of stewed pears;
So they sealed him within
A thousand pound tin;
And he ate his way through un-
aware.

Is Your Name Pickard?

THIS English surname is derived from the name of the French province Picardy, and no doubt the ancestors of those bearing the name came originally from Picardy. The geographical name is supposed to have originated from the fact that the district furnished picards, or pikemen, to the French army.

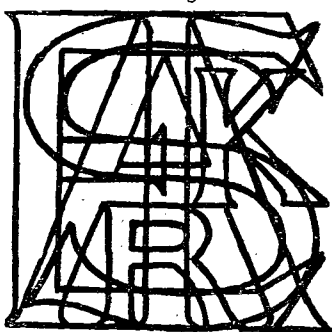
WHY is a selfish friend like the letter P?
Because he is first in pity and last in help.

A Comforting Thought

"I WISH you could assure me," said a nervous old lady, approaching the captain of an excursion boat, that this vessel would be able to come safely through a storm."

"Lady," proudly replied the grizzled old skipper, "this craft has come safely through so many storms that half her timbers are unjointed."

A Monogram



This monogram is composed of the letters in the name of the founder of a great religious movement. Can you find out what it is?

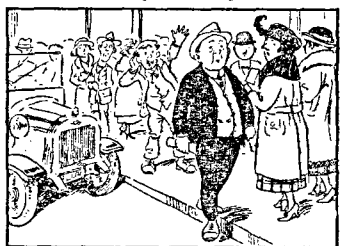
Solution next week

WHY does a cook make more noise than a gong?

Because the gong makes a din but the cook makes a dinner.

WHAT is the difference between crossing the Atlantic in a small boat, and a slice of bacon?
One is a rash thing, and the other a rasher.

The Safety First Alphabet



Y is for Yorick, of infinite jest.
He found that the right side is not always best.



Z is for Zany—a most foolish man
Who reads in the roadway when-
ever he can.

An Arithmetical Problem

A MAN walking along a country road met a shepherd driving a flock of sheep.

"How many sheep have you?" asked the man, and the shepherd replied: "If I had as many more, and half as many more, and a quarter as many more, I should have one short of a hundred."

How many sheep were there?

Solution next week

The Nonsense of Peter Puck

The Overwound Professor

COME hither, children dear, and sit

Upon this mustard plaster,
While I relate the painful fate
Of your poor science master.

He was a man who with a cane
Could make a fine impression,
And he was born to be an orn-
ament to his profession.

Ah me, to think that such a mind
Should wander from its orbit,
That such a brain should miss its
train

And let the night absorb it.

Last week—O take your hankies
out,

O let your eyes turn scarlet—
He overwound his watch and
drowned

His shame in Apple Charlotte.

To do a thing so inexact

Brought on a spotted fever;
His nose went blue, he dived into
The telephone receiver.

And now he buzzes on the wires
In endless recitations,
And all day long gets numbers
wrong,
And cuts off conversations.

O dance whatever dance you
like

Upon the kitchen dresser,
And softly coo a toot-a-loo
To this profound professor.

The Only Place

"I HAVE decided to present my latest work to some charit-
able institution," said the artist.

"Which do you suggest?"

"The Asylum for the Blind, of
course," came the answer.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Am I? Pencil

A Puzzle in Rhyme

Chest-er-field (er is two-thirds of err)

Jacko Gets Caught

THERE was a fine lake in the Park at Monkeyville. It was quite good for rowing, and you could hire a boat on it for sixpence an hour.

Of course, Jacko hardly ever had a sixpence to spare, but every now and then he managed to save it up. And some-
times, when he was specially tiresome, Mrs. Jacko would give him sixpence to keep him out of the way.

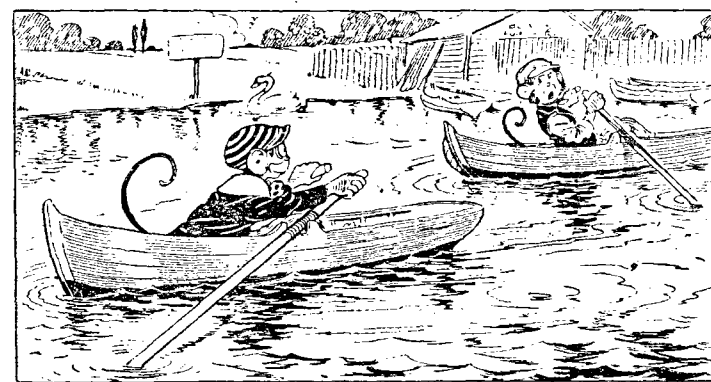
"He can't come to any harm on the lake," she would say.

One day Jacko had a lovely hour's rowing. It was specially good fun because Adolphus had hired a boat too, and Jacko saw him catch a crab.

And of course Adolphus thought he was no end of an oars-
man. He had a wonderful boating costume, and always rowed near the shore, so that all the lookers-on could have a good view of him. But he hated having Jacko anywhere about, and, when he found Jacko had seen him catch a crab, he was furious, and gave up his boat before the hour was up!

But Jacko's hour went much too quickly. He longed to keep the boat a bit longer, but he hadn't another sixpence. And it wouldn't have been much good if he had, because it was time for closing the Park, and the boat-keeper shouted to everybody to bring their boats in.

"I don't see why I should," said Jacko. "It's not nearly dark yet." And he rowed as far away from the landing-stage as he could, hoping he wouldn't be noticed.



Round and round the lake they went

But the boat-keeper soon spotted him. He counted the boats, and when he found there was one missing, he was furious and shouted to Jacko to come in.

"At once," he roared, "or I'll fetch a policeman."

But Jacko was in a reckless mood. He rowed farther away still. And, instead of fetching a policeman, the boat-keeper jumped in a boat and came after him!

They *did* have a race! Round and round the lake they went, while everybody on the shore thought it great fun and cheered them on.

But Jacko soon began to get tired, and at last the boat-keeper nearly caught up with him. Jacko made a desperate effort, and landed at a little island in the middle of the lake. He rushed into the bushes and hoped he wouldn't be caught—and found himself right on top of a swan's nest!

Of course the birds were furious. They rushed at him with loud hisses, and fairly drove him off the island.

And, though he was lucky enough to get away from the swans, he wasn't lucky enough to get away from the boat-keeper!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Moving Highways

For years men have dreamed of stepping out into the street and being carried along on a moving pavement, and it is Paris that is going to make the dream come true.

Plans for a boulevard, moving at about ten miles an hour, from the Madeleine to the Place de la Republique have been made.

Breton, a French engineer, is experimenting with the moving pavement, which will be constructed below the level of the street on the principle of the escalator used on tube railways.

It is expected that another will be built between the Bourse and the Palais Royal, and hoped that both will be ready by the end of the year.

Les Trottoirs Roulants

Depuis longtemps l'homme rêve de pouvoir sortir de chez lui et de se faire transporter par un trottoir roulant; c'est Paris qui va réaliser ce rêve.

On a dressé les plans d'un boulevard qui se mouvra à une vitesse d'environ dix milles à l'heure, de la Madeleine à la Place de la République.

Un ingénieur français, Breton, est en train de faire des expériences avec le trottoir roulant, qui sera construit au-dessous du niveau de la rue, suivant le principe des escaliers roulants en usage aux gares des chemins de fer souterrains.

Il est probable qu'on en construira un autre entre la Bourse et le Palais Royal, et l'on espère que tous deux seront terminés à la fin de l'année.

Tales Before Bedtime

The May Queen

MISS CLARKE said that if Mona, Violet, and Anne worked well they could have a holiday on May Day, and crown the queen, and dance round a maypole on the lawn with all their little friends.

"Who will be the May Queen?" asked the three little girls eagerly, for everyone wanted to be a queen, and sit on a flowery throne.

"We'll see who behaves the best," said Miss Clarke, "because, of course, we must have a good queen."

Lessons were done very well the next fortnight, and Mona felt sure she would be queen because she had the highest marks; and Violet thought she would, because she said the eldest ought to be queen; and Anne longed to be chosen, but had no hope at all, because she was not very clever.

On the Saturday afternoon before May-Day, Mona and Violet went shopping with Mother, and before they started they ran into the hen-run after a ball. They picked up the ball, and ran out again. But they left the gate open, and the hens all got out into the flower garden.

When Anne came out to weed her own little garden she saw a dreadful sight.

Flowers and seedlings rooted up, and the soil scratched out all over the neat paths. If Parker, the gardener saw it he would be so terribly angry that he would tell Daddy, and then Mona and Violet would get into trouble.

It made Anne quite unhappy to think about it. She shook her head and set to work.

It took her all the afternoon to catch the hens, rake



Anne set to work

the borders, plant the flowers again, and tidy the paths; and she had no idea that Miss Clarke was reading behind the hedge, and saw how hard she was working.

When Mona and Violet came home Miss Clarke had a little talk with them, and that was why nobody but Anne was surprised on May Day morning when Miss Clarke said, "Now we'll go and pick primroses to make a crown for good Queen Anne."

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

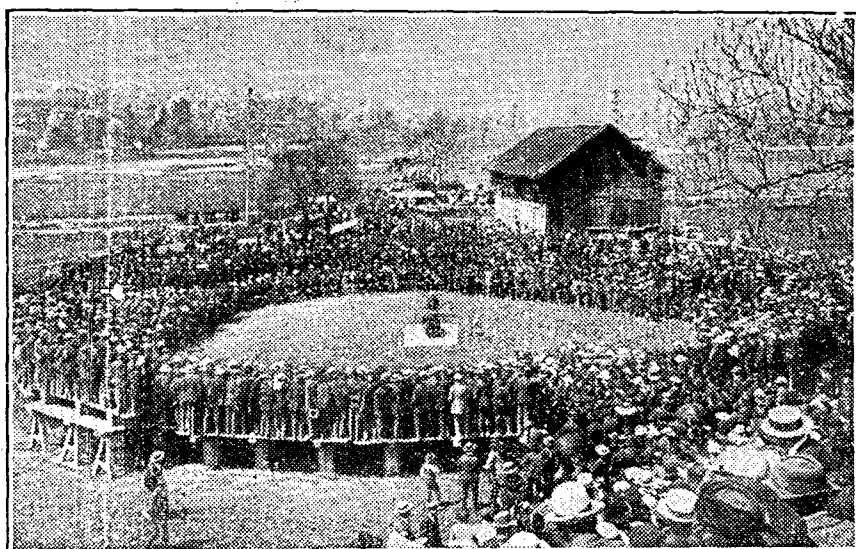
May 2, 1925 Every Thursday 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

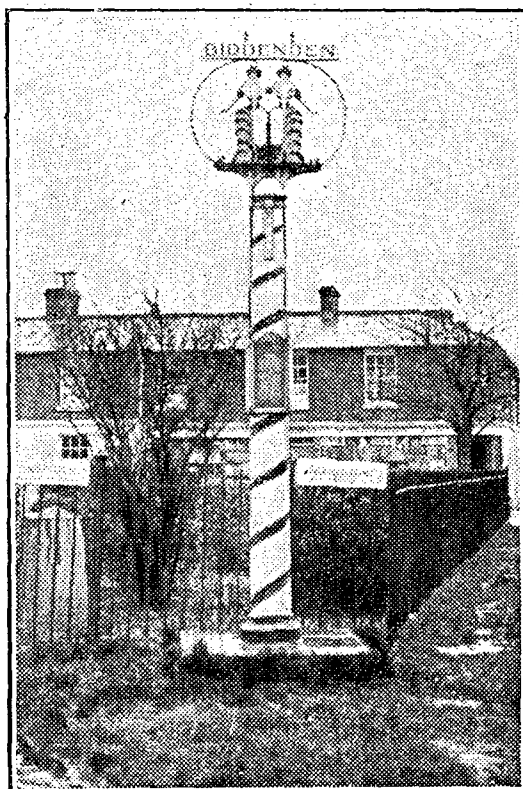
OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT · A LIVE TEDDY-BEAR · THE HUMAN BIRDS



A Horse-shoeing Competition in London—The motor may be replacing the horse-drawn vehicle, but the smiths at the L. & N. E. Railway Company's stables at King's Cross are as keen as ever on their annual horse-shoeing competition, which is here seen in progress



An Open-air Parliament—Some Swiss Cantons have their own individual parliaments, which meet in the open-air and pass legislation affecting purely local affairs. Here we see the Parliament of the Canton of Uri in session in a field near the town of Altorf. See page 7



An Interesting Sign-Post—This interesting sign-post is to be seen at Biddenden, near Maidstone, in Kent, made famous by the Maids of Biddenden, English sisters who years ago were a counterpart of the Siamese twins



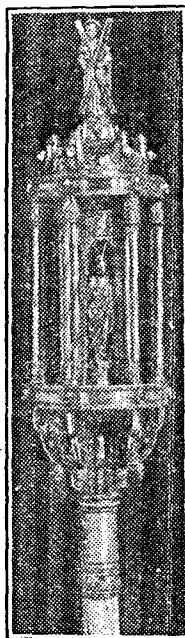
A Live Teddy-Bear—This teddy-bear is not a toy but a live animal, which is a great favourite of the little daughter of a London naturalist, who is here seen feeding it with condensed milk. It is an Indian sloth bear, and its food consists of roots, bees' nests, and insects



A Whirligig Roundabout—The roundabout in this picture is far more exciting than the old-fashioned kind with horses. The riders are flung far out at the end of chains and have the sensation of flying like human birds



A Race in Kensington Gardens—Scooter and toy-cycle racing are very popular with the children in Kensington Gardens, London, and here we see two little competitors having a race, each on a different kind of machine. The boy seems to be winning



From Ocean to Cathedral—This lovely jewelled mace of silver is mounted on a narwhal's tusk. It has just been made by the London Artificers' Guild for St. Andrews Cathedral, Aberdeen



Amundson and His Adopted Children—An exciting race to the North Pole is now taking place between Captain Amundson, shown here, with the two Eskimo children he has adopted, and Mr. Algarsson, a Canadian who is also flying to the Pole

AN INTERESTING FAMILY—MY MAGAZINE, THE C.N., AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the proprietors, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon and Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency. R/R